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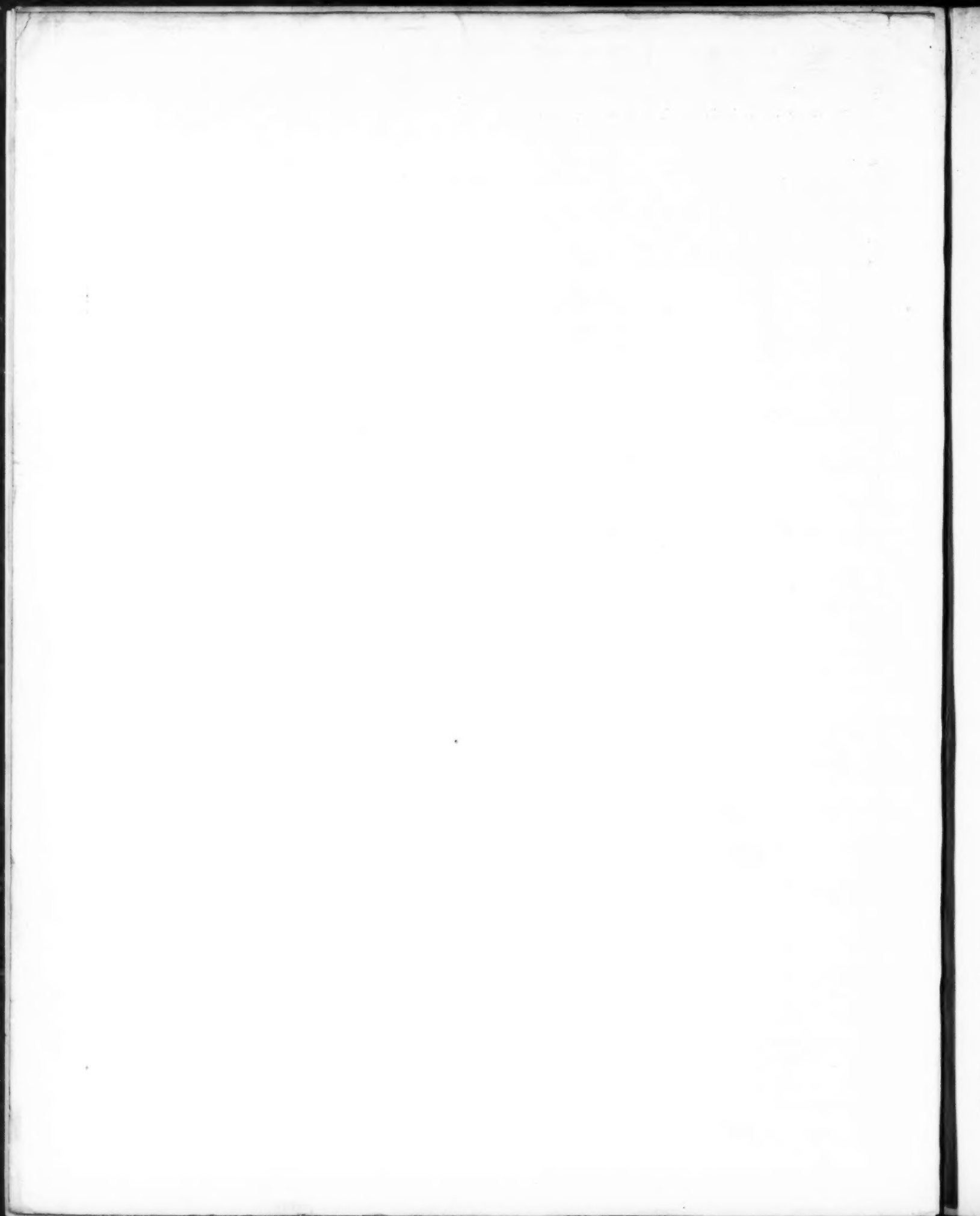
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REVIEWS.

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WE hail with great satisfaction the appearance of the third volume of Mr. Spencer's *Principles of Sociology*, because by its publication he has happily been enabled to complete his *Synthetic Philosophy* within the limits he himself regards as possible.

We heartily congratulate its distinguished author for having thus finished the task he undertook six and thirty years ago. Mr. Herbert Spencer is indeed a very remarkable man. Such powers as he has manifested of absorbing, digesting, and systematically reproducing (with marvelously copious and apt illustrations), in foreseen and carefully planned order, so vast a mass of facts—physical, biological, psychical, ethical, and sociological—have rarely, indeed, been met with in conjunction. The accomplishment of his task may fitly be a subject of exultation to himself and to his numerous friends and admirers. Nevertheless, in our eyes, a deeply pathetic interest attaches to it, much beyond that which must necessarily accompany the final completion of any work which has been the labour of a lifetime, and needs must leave behind it a void not destitute of sadness. We are pleased to note that Mr. Spencer feels "satisfaction in the consciousness that" untoward events "have not prevented me from fulfilling the purpose of my life," and that his "emancipation" from his labours is distinctly pleasurable to him. Long may it thus continue, though we cannot believe that so active a brain will not now and again, we hope many a time, give evidence to the world that his is a fruitful emancipation. What, however, in our eyes is the most pathetic aspect of Mr. Spencer's labours and their termination is the thought that mental

powers so exceptional, and such rare gifts of perseverance and energy, should, for so many years, have been devoted to the erection of an intellectual edifice which we believe to be as baseless and unstable as it is imposing in appearance, and to the elaboration of a system of philosophy which once was eagerly and widely followed, but which, at its completion, can hardly count an adherent among the most gifted minds of our rising generation. In saying this we do not fail to bear in mind the mass of valuable information in Mr. Spencer's great work, constituting it a very storehouse of information, to which the student of science will, for a long time, have recourse.

The present portly volume, of more than 600 pages, is divided into three parts. The first of these (on "Ecclesiastical Institutions") has been published before in the form of a separate book. The second part (on "Professional Institutions") has appeared in the form of a series of magazine articles; but the third part (on "Industrial Institutions") is entirely new.

It is, therefore, to this third part that we will direct attention almost exclusively. With respect to the first portion (on "Matters Ecclesiastical") we will confine ourselves to a single criticism. Mr. Spencer has taken great pains to inform himself (sometimes from very doubtful sources) about the superstitions and practices of various barbarous tribes, especially, perhaps, those most revolting to our modern ideas and tastes. But of the moral, dogmatic, and ascetic theology, and the fully developed ritual of the Christian Church, he still seems to remain in a state of perfectly amazing ignorance. Yet Mr. Spencer is an evolutionist or nothing. What, then, would he say of the naturalist who should be content to know of the Peacock Butterfly nothing but its appearance and habits as a caterpillar? What would he say of the evolutionist who should judge of possibilities with respect to the class of beasts only by the forms revealed to us in Eocene rocks, while ignoring the wonderfully rich and varied forms of mammalian life to be found in the next formation, that of the Miocene age and in our own day?

Yet why are we, in zoology, to regard the ultimate outcome, and not the primordial form, of the individual, or the race, as the true manifestation of what was at first but latent and implicit; and yet not interpret the rudimentary conditions of barbarous religious life, in the light thrown on them by the fully evolved and highest of theological developments? So interpreted, their meaning is the exact contradictory of that which Mr. Spencer would assign to them. But here, as elsewhere, and notably with respect to human reason, he always seeks for explanation in the lowest faculties, to the level of which he tries to reduce the highest.

As to the second part of the present volume, we must confess that it appears to us extremely trivial and commonplace. Who did not know, when men of Mr. Spencer's age were children, that social and political progress consisted in a process of "division of labour"? That the savage often satisfied almost all his needs himself, while those of a civilised community were ministered to by

a whole hierarchy of professions and trades. It was also well known that, similarly, the early forms of animal life might be described as so many "big babies." Such truths were familiar to men who lived in the "forties." The nebular theory was also then popular, while "Philosophies of History" were rife in Germany. Then, the idea that in all directions one met with a process whereby things become more and more complex and divergent was far from uncommon. Yet what was this but the expression, in simple terms, of Mr. Spencer's supposed great discovery, namely, that things in general were "proceeding from an indefinite and incoherent homogeneity to a definite and coherent heterogeneity."

Mr. Spencer's third part, of 280 pages, contains many very valuable remarks and representations, but accompanied by an exaggeration which sadly diminishes their practical value.

Mr. Spencer is an enthusiast for the free action, in society, of "Natural Selection," for the fewest possible individual and co-operative restraints, and the minimum of State action, the strict enforcement of contracts, and the repression and (as soon as possible) the annihilation of "militarism." He is thus no less an opponent of Socialism than of Autocracy, both being, for him, but opposite poles of the same fundamental error.

The terrible evils which result from the enormous mass of men who in Europe are taken from peaceful occupations to become soldiers, no one questions and all alike deplore. But we are none the less convinced that to weaken our military force, and, still more, to lessen our naval power, would be about the greatest misfortune which could happen to our country. The millions of money we thus spend, and the sacrifice of remunerative labour we are thus compelled to make, are, after all, but a relatively small premium to pay in order to insure our prosperity, and all but our very existence, from foreign aggressors. Mr. Spencer also seems blind to the many noble and generous qualities called forth by war, and to the demoralising and degrading results which may follow a prolonged, and especially a luxurious, and ignominious peace.

He gives us in the present work a valuable and interesting chapter on "Co-operation," wherein he treats of "village sick clubs," "Agricultural credit Banks, Russian Artels" (allied to our own guilds), and the various profit-sharing organisations, usually called "Co-operative." As to the beginnings among us of such institutions, he says (p. 853):

"Swayed by a delusion like that which, in times of scarcity, leads mobs to smash the windows of those who sell bread, working men, at the close of the last century and beginning of this, ascribing the distress they suffered to the proximate agents inflicting it—the millers and bakers—against whom they made also the probably just complaint that they adulterated flour, determined to grind and bake for themselves. Mills were established at Hull, Whitby, Devonport, while baking societies were formed at Sheerness and in Scotland. In these cases . . . the mass of those who sought and reaped the benefits were not themselves the workers. . . . They simply,

while trying to secure good food, set up establishments for the purpose of escaping from the payments made to the ordinary producers and distributors. Twenty years later arose, first at Brighton, 'union shops,' which were stores of such commodities as their working-class members chiefly needed, the ultimate purpose, however, being 'communitistic.' . . . Nearly all of them disappeared in a few years."

A revival of the movement took place at Rochdale twenty years later; but the profits were divided among customers "in proportion to the money-value of their purchase. In less than fifty years the body of co-operators amounted to a million, with thirty-six millions of annual trade and three millions of profits. Along with the idea of supplying customers cheaply, had arisen the idea of also buying cheaply, and an agency on this basis was formed at Manchester in 1864.

Mr. Spencer denies to our various well-known "stores" the name of "Co-operative," for the following reasons (p. 555):

"Having capitals raised by shares on which interest is either paid or invested for the benefit of the holders, and—though at first selling only to shareholders—having fallen into the practice of selling to non-shareholders and even to non-ticket-holders, they are simply joint-stock distributing agencies. The proprietors, employing salaried buyers, clerks, and shopmen, constitute a many-headed shopkeeper. How entirely without claim to the title of 'co-operators,' they are is manifest on remembering that no shareholder is himself a worker in the concern. . . . The members of a West-End club are just as properly to be called co-operators."

Mr. Spencer's ideal is a co-operative society, the direction of which should be in the hands of the workers themselves, through chosen deputies:

"The incorporated body, acting through its deputed committee, gives to the individual members work at a settled rate for assigned quantity—such rate being somewhat lower than that which at the ordinary speed of production would yield the ordinary wages. The individual members severally put into their work such ability as they can and such energy as they please; and there comes from them an output . . . greater than before. . . . Each earns in a given time a greater sum, while the many-headed master has a larger quantity of goods to dispose of, which can be offered to buyers at somewhat lower prices. . . . Through the managing body, the many-headed master gives to every worker a share, which, while larger all round, is proportionate in each case to the sum earned . . . The composite master has no motive to cut down piece-work; the interests of the incorporated members being identical with the interests of the members individually taken. . . . Thus while each obtains exactly the remuneration due to his work, *minus* only the cost of administration, the productive power of the concern is greatly increased, with proportionate increase of returns to all. . . . Jealousies among the workers disappear. . . . Resentment against a foreman who ranks some above others no longer finds any place. Overlooking to check idleness becomes superfluous. . . . Not only do the institutions which superintendence excites decrease, but the cost of it decreases also. . . . The governing functions of the committee too, and the relations of the workers to it, become fewer, thus removing other sources of discord; the chief remaining source being the inspection of work by the manager or committee, and refusal to pass that which is bad."

But Mr. Spencer has to admit that the best institutions are only possible with the best men, and to lament that Matthew Arnold's "sweet reasonableness" is not yet prevalent enough for the desired results. Nevertheless he contends (p. 564) that such systems of co-operation as he has sketched would continually tend to absorb the best workmen, and their membership would become the goal of working-class ambition, and would, with increasing rapidity, outvie the "master-and-workman type" of industrial organisation.

Very salutary is Mr. Spencer's twenty-second chapter on Socialism, the advent of which is certainly facilitated by that increasing State supervision and interference which the New Radicalism does its best to augment. Without expressing a special prophetic power, our author speculates as to the probabilities of the "near future." His forecast for Germany is not cheerful, and he holds up as a terrible example the social retrogression it has experienced since the Franco-German war. For this he is able, strange to say, to quote words uttered by Bismarck in 1893. The Prince is reported then to have said: "My fear and anxiety for the future is that the national consciousness may be stifled in the coils of the bo-constrictor of the bureaucracy which has made rapid progress during the last few years." Mr. Spencer on this remarks:

"Now we see why the Socialistic movement has assumed such large proportions in Germany, why its theoretical expounders—Rodbertus, Marx, Lassalle—and its working advocates—Bebel, Liebknecht, Singer, and others—have raised its adherents into a body of great political importance. For the Socialistic régime is simply another form of the bureaucratic régime."

Altogether he regards even our own country as drifting towards a form of society in which private activities will be replaced by public ones, such drift being accelerated by recent changes, further increasing the power of those who gain by public administrations, and decreasing the power of those who lose by them. He excellently points out how

"already national and municipal franchises, so framed as to dissociate the giving of votes from the bearing of burdens, have resulted in multiplied meddlings and lavish expenditure. . . . With a fatuity almost passing belief, legislators have concluded that things will go well when the many say to the few—'We will decide what shall be done, and you shall pay for it.'"

Well justified, indeed, in the opinion of the present writer, are such remarks, by the monstrous extravagance of our School Boards, and the recent irregularities of persons employed by the London County Council, the institution of which has been the greatest blow to freedom which this generation has witnessed. In Cassandra-like tones he declares (p. 594):

"There seems no avoiding the conclusion that these conspiring clauses must presently bring about that lapse of self-ownership into ownership by the community, which is partially implied by collectivism and completely by communism. . . . To bring about the change it needs but gradually to extend State regulation and to restrain individual action. . . . Eventually the brain-worker will find that there are no places left save in one or other

public departments; while the hand worker will find that there are none to employ him save public officials. . . . An entire loss of freedom will thus be the fate of those who do not deserve the freedom they possess.

Thus for a time, perhaps for centuries (according to our author), this relative slavery will increase, following upon that long-continued process of gradual emancipation, which, in the middle of the present century, had reached, "especially in England, a degree of individual freedom greater than had ever before existed since nations began to be formed." Its loss we agree with Mr. Spencer in lamenting, but we are sure every social movement is the result of some fresh perception of truth, and we believe that our author, while so keenly alive to the benefits of individual freedom, does not fully appreciate the moral force of social claims tending to restrict that freedom within ethical bounds. The golden mean may be hard to attain, but we are convinced that Mr. Spencer's ideal is as far from it in one direction, as that State coercion he justly deprecates is far from it in another. Of course Mr. Spencer believes in, and concludes with the announcement of, an ultimate social state, when "private requirements will coincide with public ones." To this we do not ourselves look forward, nor should we care to do so if, as Mr. Spencer's philosophy teaches, it must be regarded as but a relatively momentary flicker between two eternities of lifeless and hopeless darkness. In conclusion, we cordially unite with the rest of Mr. Spencer's well-wishers in desiring for him all possible contentment in this completion of a long life's labours.

LORD LEIGHTON'S ADDRESSES.

Addresses to the Students of the Royal Academy.
By the late Lord Leighton. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

THE figure of Lord Leighton as lecturer at the Royal Academy is a part of the romance, perhaps a part of the pathos, of the century. It is the duty of the President of the Royal Academy to deliver, every second year, an address to the students on the occasion of the prize-giving. There they sit in long rows, rank on rank, students of both sexes; a crowd charged with the emulations of the evening, and primed with generous cheers for the winning competitors. The hour is not appropriate to high reflection; nor is the audience one to which, at any time, high reflection would be thought far removed from high falutin. The typical art-student is not a very soaring creature, it has to be owned. He is first cousin to the medical student, and is really happier at Gatti's than in academic halls. And if the young barbarian longs to play rather than to listen to high-art-history, you could not be sure that the Forty who sat about the platform made an audience more fit. Very slumbrous some of them seemed, and terribly grave the rest of them. Millais one never saw looking so much as if he were in church; and Mr. Frith soundly—but there are some sentences that one shrinks from finishing. And there Leighton stood—like his own athlete strangling a python;

an Athanasius warring against all the common world of an Academy, or, rather, an intellectual Adonis wooing mates to him; paying his addresses, rather than merely delivering them — “rejected addresses,” one felt they needs must mostly be. What mental flexibility was his where all else was stolid; with what alertness, what grace, did he scale the wall of British philistinism—yes, and vanquish it too! The Forty, who assumed solemnity so that they might seem to be impressed, and the four hundred who swallowed yawns, these hold in memory to-day at least the fact of the lecture and the figure of the lecturer; and, if they recall not one word that was said, they are conscious that they assisted at a great occasion, and that it was good for them to have been there. A sprinkling of visitors, too, was in the crowd, though space for them was scarce; and so it was that the outsider, who really cared, had the unforgotten privilege of hearing an orator whose words had this profound interest—that they were an exact expression of his own personality, and that they perfectly fitted his theme.

And then, how conciliatory was Lord Leighton as lecturer! His gallantry made him presuppose, at all points, the attention and the understanding of his hearers. “But you will ask,” he says; and then he puts an abstruse question about the work of the Etruscan goldsmith being less rude than that of the Etruscan painter and potter. “I answer,” and he gives Signor Castellani’s views that the reputed Etruscan metal-work was not really Etruscan at all. By such feints did he seek to carry his learning off as something really negotiable. “Talking of white waistcoats—” says a hero of fiction who wished to call his companion’s attention to the spotlessness of his own. “But we weren’t talking about white waistcoats,” was the uncompromising reply. The position seemed to be nearly the same as between the President and the students he sought to draw by any devices into the theme. Once, at such a time, when perhaps that brave spirit momentarily misgave him, he looked up at three charming maidens in front of him. It had been a long character-sketch of Cato—Cato, the creation of days when Roman citizens, fighting for national existence, effaced the individual; a man of consequent austerity, pure, single-minded, and— But what could it all mean to these three maidens?

“I fear,” he interposed, “that the young ladies of my audience will not be drawn to him in much kindness when they are told that he vehemently upheld against the Roman ladies a certain law—the Oppian Law—which, among other sinister provisions, debarred them from the wearing of coloured dresses. Those same young ladies will, however, learn with satisfaction that the great Censor was worsted in the fight; that the hateful law was abrogated; and colour—indeed, I fear, from what we know of Roman taste, every colour of the rainbow—resumed under his eyes its previous pride of place.”

Gallant Lord Leighton! and all the more gallant in that his epithets grew a little ponderous in proportion to the lightness of

his theme. It was at his most serious—he was also at his best; he could rise to any greatness in the expression of great things—it was the trivial only that never became him. That particular lecture, by the way, was delivered in 1885; a time of quiet colours in dressing, so that no slight was to be overheard in his sentences. Yet he, too, like Cato, lived to see a livelier iris in the dovescotes; and the memory of the writer goes back to his last “Studio Sunday,” when Arab Hall and staircase and painting-room became a sea of aniline dyes. One beautiful woman in magenta seemed to put all the place to discord, but the master of the house withheld no whit of his homage; and one felt that Cato amid the defeat of his principles had, perhaps, his compensations after all.

These “Addresses”—as the reader will discover for himself, for no contents-table, chapter-title, or head-line tells him—deal with the Art of the Greeks and Romans, and with that of the Spanish, French, Italian, and German peoples. They are eight in number—the first was given in 1879 and the last in 1893. They were printed at the date of their delivery in the *Times*, whence they found their way into scrap-books; and now they fill over three hundred pages of large type. The fullest treatment is that given to classic Art—that to which Lord Leighton was himself most attracted, though not without counter impulses. The relation in which Art stands to Morality and Religion he discusses with an excellence of observation, and with a recognition rarely accorded to that law of reaction which often gives to men of genius a unique place in their generation—they are in it, but they are not of it. Lord Leighton was too much a lover and a creator of culture not to know its treacheries and its woes. Over and over again, speaking from the classic camp, he lifts out a hand to Christian asceticism, now of greeting, now of passing recognition, and now, it would seem, of beckoning and of beseeching. There is no variation in the note, whatever there may be in the intensity of it. He has reservations in his glorying in the days when, at the Renaissance, “Art, like Letters, puts on a new physiognomy”; when anatomy gave to symbolism the notice to quit; and a new spirit of the freedom of the flesh pervaded the cities and found a sort of sanctuary in the studios. “The cause of Morality,” says this expert witness, “undoubtedly suffered with that of doctrinal religion; and those who value most highly the precious boon conferred on the world by Italy in the Fifteenth Century cannot but recognise with sorrow that it came alloyed with much dross, and touched with much taint of corruption.” So low, indeed, in Lord Leighton’s opinion, was “the moral tone of the Humanists,” that he recalls, “with a sense of relief, as well as of gratitude,” the names of such men as Vittorino da Feltre, Giannozzo Manetti, or Pico della Mirandola, “in whom wisdom and learning went hand in hand with every Christian virtue.” The bonfire of vanities lit by Savonarola in Florence seems to shoot reflections on Lord Leighton’s page, inextinguished in four hundred years. He who had the face of Savonarola before him as a model when he

illustrated *Romola*, caught some of his spirit, too, from the records of the times; and it is not without meaning that the last name on his list of worthies—Pico della Mirandola—is that of the uncle of Savonarola’s first biographer.

Hardly less intricate and far-reaching than the relations between Art and morals are those between Art and its environment—the effect of time and place, and the conditions of them, on the pictures, the statues, the architecture on any given race. Lord Leighton, tolerant himself, tolerant and sensitive too as his pages continually proclaim him to be, could well appreciate the tolerance of the Greeks. And whence did they derive it?

“Let us look at the map,” says Lord Leighton. “Here are no vast alluvial plains such as those along which, in the East, whole empires surged to and fro in the throng of battle; no mighty flood of rivers, no towering mountain walls; instead, a tract of moderate size; a fretted promontory thrust out into the sea—far out, and flinging across the blue a multitude of purple isles and islets towards the Ionian kindred shores. In scale, nothing excessive; everywhere measure and moderation. And of this sobriety, which is equally removed from all extremes, you find no completer type than in the famous little land where Athens rose and reigned. Spread out to the sun within a girdle of nobly simple heights, and sweeping gently to the sea to catch the western breeze, it was blessed in an atmosphere in which you must have felt the breath to understand its penetrating sweetness. Attica was not in those times parched and thirsty as we”—we, indeed!—“see it now. The dusty olive groves, which to-day are white along the arid track where Kephissus should flow, are not the ‘thousand fruited’ bowers ringing with the nightingale, of which Sophocles sang so lovingly. Nevertheless, as compared, for instance, with Southern Italy, Athens was not exceptionally favoured in her soil: it was a soil liberal but not lavish, demanding labour but rewarding it—a fit surrounding for a joyous, wholesome, active life.”

Such is a characteristic passage from the “Addresses.” They are not, like Sir Joshua’s, given to concrete things; they do not deal with laws of perspective or drop a hint as to the mixing of colours. They deal with Art in the abstract, with its history, its philosophy, its origin, and its end. Just as he left them the papers are printed. Yet even here was room for an editor. For the very abstraction of the volume demanded the aid of editorial classification, of titles, and of an index. Indeed, without an index the book is a clock-face without pointers—a book useless, in short, for the busy man to put for reference beside his fully-indexed *Discourses* of Sir Joshua. And, incredible as it must seem, this volume, in its absence of signposts anywhere, actually omits to mention that Lord Leighton was President of the Royal Academy—the very letters P.R.A. are denied after his name on a title-page which can spare space for such a superfluity as “the late” before it. No one will learn from the volume that the Addresses are those delivered by him as President—an oversight which remains in its way as monumental as anything else in the book.

"MISDIRECTED INDUSTRY."

Hereward, the Saxon Patriot. By Lieut.-General Harward. (Elliot Stock.)

THIS book furnishes a woful example of misdirected industry. Had the author been content to try his hand upon a tale of Hereward's forest life, or even (since he appears to have a pretty knack of versifying) upon a rhymed romance or Lay of Hereward, he would at least have been putting his powers to a simple and ready test; success *might* have followed, while, at the worst, sympathy would have attended the failure of a modest man. But now, by posing as an adept in the science and principles of historic research—by coming forward as the critic, "armed at point exactly, cap-a-pie," to challenge Prof. Freeman on that distinguished savant's own ground—he has reduced to a minimum his chances of success, while incurring the certainty of ridicule in the all but inevitable event of failure.

With the massive self-confidence which marks that many-sided master-of-all-trades, the "modern Major-General," General Harward has ventured to publish an elaborate monograph, designed at once to supersede the "prejudiced," "uncandid," and "superficial" account of Hereward given in Prof. Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, and to serve as a corrective to that writer's "falsome glorification of the Conqueror." On the preparation of this monograph the author has, it is evident, bestowed a world of pains. This being so, it becomes anything but a welcome duty to have to say of the result—*It is but lost labour!* And yet how futile this prodigality of toil has been the reader will at once understand when he learns that one may search from beginning to end of the work without finding the one indispensable pre-requisite to all effective historical criticism—namely, a *catalogue raisonné* of the authorities, wherein the legendary shall be duly distinguished from the trustworthy sources, and the proper degree of credit severally assigned (so far as may be) to each of the latter.

Nor is it merely that no classified list of authorities is included in these pages, but that the author himself, apparently, does not even suspect the need of any such apparatus. How, indeed, should he, seeing that without it he has produced an undeniable quarto? Nay, anything like a strict scrutiny of documents on the part of others seems to try his patience. Thus, with reference to the so-called "false Ingulf," he writes somewhat peevishly: "Critics have established the fact to their own content [not, it may be presumed, to General Harward's] that the record of Croyland" is a forgery of the fourteenth century. "But surely something can be gained from it?" And he suits the action to the word by proceeding silently to incorporate in his narrative the contents of this late legendary record. Had General Harward, then, while composing the Life of his eponymous hero, no standard or criterion of any sort—no inward sense of likelihood even, "situated perhaps in the pit of the stomach or in the pineal gland"—to guide his judgment in the selection of par-

ticulars? Undoubtedly he had. Careless or ignorant of the ordinary canons of historic credibility, he yet possessed, though he knew it not, a sensitive divining-rod which determined his choice and rejection of details. And this divining-rod was neither more nor less than his pride of lineage, which—when once his direct descent from Hereward had been assumed—steadily prompted him to include all details tending to exalt the status or magnify the deeds or character of his ancestor, as well as, conversely, to reject all particulars of an opposite import. If anyone finds it hard to conceive how the mere satisfaction of the author's egoism could ever usurp unawares the functions of a historic test—how family sentiment could ever come to serve as a touchstone severing fact from fiction—he has yet to consider fully the enormous power wielded by covert feeling in unconsciously moulding and modifying our beliefs.

The Life written under such conditions is just what we might have anticipated—a strange tissue of history, legend, and guess-work inextricably interwoven. The narrative flows smoothly along a channel of flexible conjecture, and—in the dearth of authenticated facts—is as free from collision or interruption as a plan for threading the stars together.

Of Hereward the Outlaw it behoves the historian to write warily. His is a composite figure—three parts legend to one part history. He was probably a Lincolnshire man, and we know from Domesday that he possessed four bovates of land at Loctone. He also held, for a time, the lands of Crowland Abbey, under Abbot Ulfcytel; but failing to maintain the terms agreed on he was ejected, and his holding given to Oger the Breton. According to the false Ingulf, and another legendary source, Hereward was the son of Leofric of Bourne; but this account of his origin does not satisfy General Harward, who, on the authority of a *pedigree-spinner* of the fifteenth century, maintains that his hero was a son of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, a younger brother of Alfgar, Earl of East Mercia, and uncle to Edwin and Morear! It is much to be regretted that Sir Henry Ellis should have countenanced this absurd invention. But General Harward will not rest content with this: he stoutly maintains that Hereward was akin to King Edward the Confessor himself! He is "full of belief," and instead of "corking it up"—as George Colman once bade Bozzy do under similar circumstances—he suffers it to overflow in this unlucky monograph! We had intended adding a word to show how complete is the dearth of evidence in support of General Harward's claim to be directly descended from his hero, but, on second thoughts, we desist. Why rob the gallant author of that which not enriches us, and leaves him poor indeed? His studied decrial of the Norman conquerors—of Ivo de Taillebois in especial, "a wood-tax gatherer by trade who called himself Count of Anjou!"—and his naïf exaltation of Saxon prowess at the expense of the "skipping Frenchman," strike us as quite delicious samples of schoolboy braggadocio.

AN AUTHOR *MALGRÉ LUI*.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton: an Autobiography, and Memoir by his Wife. (Seeley & Co.)

To the large circle to whom his literary works made the name of Philip Gilbert Hamerton familiar, the personality of this writer would be considered to be that of one enjoying his subject and working under the most felicitous conditions. Even to those of us who knew him by meetings at Private Views or at a pleasant dinner at the Garrick Club, where, if anywhere, one's inner mind would display itself, the estimate would not be very different. He was by such regarded as a man who had been fortunate in exploiting, or perhaps rather reviving at the right moment, the cult of etching; who had enjoyed life in his painter's camp in the Highlands; who edited the *Portfolio*, in an easygoing fashion, far away at his retreat in France; who had the happy knack of conciliating, and being employed by, a couple of publishing houses of the first rank at the same moment; and of being an indifferent performer with the needle, and very much the reverse with his pen.

It would surely have been far better for everybody if these impressions had been allowed to continue, and we are surprised that his friends have not seen the wisdom of so doing. Perhaps they had no choice, for a biography had been for some years previous to Mr. Hamerton's death determined upon by him, his excuse being that two or three well-meaning friends had selected him as a subject for their pens, and in order to circumvent them he had determined to write his own biography.

With this intent he set about the task, and two hundred and fifty closely printed pages, which form the first portion of the volume before us, bring us only to the twenty-fourth year of an as yet very uneventful life, interesting only to those outside his immediate connexions from the fact that he first of all aspired to be a poet, and that, so confident was he of his powers, that he printed at his own risk two thousand copies of his first venture. The public responded by purchasing seven of them. He admitted that at this time he knew nothing about European art.

The autobiography was discontinued by Hamerton some time before his death, having been carried only to the time of his marriage, and to a date when his career began so far as the public is concerned. The memoir which follows brings the work to a close in six hundred and fifty pages, and at far too great length discloses a life which is of interest more for its pathetic failures than aught else. Happy in his married life with one who worshipped and tended him, he was miserable in everything else. Failing to be a poet, he aspired to be a painter, but neither the Academy nor the public would recognise him as such; then he wanted to be an etcher and to illustrate his own books, but publishers demurred to this, and even his wife was not blind to his lack of the necessary qualifications in this respect. He longed to mix with his *confrères* in literature and art, but a

nervous malady so attacked him whenever he set foot in a railway carriage that for seven years in succession he was unable to pay what was practically a necessity to him in his occupation, namely, a visit to the Paris and London Exhibitions. He toiled on at a literary life, not from choice, but from the necessity of keeping a roof over his head, a roof which often leaked so badly that his children in the attics had to sleep in tents set up to keep the rain out. Finally, his bent turned towards novel writing; but even here he experienced nothing but disappointment.

If the volume for these reasons has but a painful interest for readers, it cannot claim wide attention upon any other ground. It is true that Hamerton met with Tennyson, Browning, Stevenson, and George Eliot, but with none of these was his connexion an intimate one. An old story concerning the first named is repeated, and we have Mrs. Hamerton's impression as to the "somehow plebeian shape of his hands." Browning wrote courteous letters to him upon having a volume dedicated to him, and with Stevenson boating trips (in which Hamerton delighted) on French rivers were planned, but never came off. But this is practically all. Of London artists he saw singularly little, although he was here in the decade when they "complained of nothing but the too great prosperity of those days." An artist's life, he tells us, was a princely one then; "and they dress, and live, and talk like gentlemen."

No doubt the *sur-excitation cérébrale* to which we have already referred had much to do with his not attaining to greater celebrity than he did. He suffered from it in an unusual and most severe form, and it is perhaps the most remarkable trait in his character that he was able to make his literary work so complete, so interesting, and so varied, under such prohibitory circumstances.

GREEK TRAGIC DRAMA.

The Tragic Drama of the Greeks. By A. E. Haigh, M.A. (Clarendon Press.)

THIS is a book which it is hard to read with equanimity. Mr. Haigh acquired a well-deserved reputation some years ago by a learned dissertation on the archæology of the Attic Theatre. His evil genius has apparently lured him on to a somewhat similar enterprise, in which archæology has proved but a broken reed to lean upon. So far as the archæology goes, however, it is once more immaculate. Mr. Haigh has the history of the drama, from the primitive Dionysiac dithyramb to the Council of Trullo, at his fingers' ends; he has been indefatigable in accumulating and discreet in sifting all that scholiasts, lexicographers, and inscriptions have to tell. We have no grudge against the scholiasts: they were dull pedants, but they are the sole repositories of much interesting information and some quaint stories. And Mr. Haigh has digested them into a lucid and comprehensive

account of all that we could possibly want to know—or rather, all that we seem ever to have much chance of knowing—about the origins, chronology, biography, and antiquities of the Greek tragic drama. From this purely academic and scholastic point of view the book is admirable. It is admirable, that is to say, so far as concerns Pratinas, Phrynichus, and Agathon. Unfortunately, it is not Pratinas, Phrynichus, and Agathon that matter. The real significance of the serious Attic stage lies, for us, wholly in that

"tragic triad of immortal fames
Aischulos, Sophokles, Euripides."

And it is here that Mr. Haigh's failure is stupendous and complete. He had his subject; the three mightiest names of the mightiest drama the world has known. He had his opportunity; to throw off formulas and to give a fresh vital interpretation of the three in their individuality and in their conjoint domination over the drama of all after times. One would have thought it impossible to write a dull book on such a subject. But Mr. Haigh has succeeded. Only in academic circles, one feels sure, would anyone have dared to undertake such a task without the faintest glimmer of qualification beyond his purely technical scholarship, without any adequate knowledge of cognate literatures, without any conception of what, outside the doors of the lecture-room, the world has by this time learnt to require of a critic. Mr. Browning has left us a magnificent reading of the man Euripides in his "Balaustion's Adventure" and his "Aristophanes' Apology." A competent critic would surely have put this reading, for assent or refutation, in the forefront of his treatment of the subject. Mr. Haigh barely alludes to it. Browning was not a scholiast or a don, and therefore, we suppose, his views are negligible.

Mr. Haigh's style is lifelessly correct and drab with Latinisms; not the wise Latinisms, coloured and sonorous, that reward the dexterous artist with so rich an embroidery upon his homespun Saxon, but all the inert, futile derivatives of common tread—poor, pallid words, dry as remainder biscuit, after their many farings to and fro since the Restoration. "Commence" for "begin," and "frequently" for "often," and "retain" for "keep"—that is the kind of thing.

These frigid excursions on the language and the versification, the plots and the characters, the "moral and religious ideas," and the "social and political opinions"—are they not like a medical student demonstrating on the muscles of the Melian Aphrodite? If this—this, and not Mr. Pater's *Plato and Platonism*—is really representative of the way literature is taught at Oxford, then we can only say that we regret the existence of the new English School. For what is education if it is not stimulus? And of stimulus there is a thousand times more in any one of Dr. Verrall's heresies than in all the orthodoxy of Mr. Haigh. Dr. Verrall is so clever that at times he becomes a screaming farce, but we feel sure that not even his best friends would call him a Dryasdust.

THE FORGOTTEN ISLES.

The Forgotten Isles. Impressions of Travel in the Balearic Isles, Corsica, and Sardinia. By Gaston Vuillier. Translated by Frederic Breton. (Hutchinson & Co.)

So long as the memory of the "Corsican Tyrant" endures the island which gave him birth may hardly be classed among things forgotten. Napoleonic reminiscence and tales of the vendetta are part of literature, and have given us a spurious sense of intimacy with things Corsican. Far otherwise is it with the Balearic Isles and Sardinia. Unvisited, we may say neglected, by the rest of Europe, the inhabitants have preserved intact all those usages and attributes which go to constitute national individuality; and thus offer a rich and almost virgin field to the observant traveller.

Unless M. Vuillier's cheery buoyancy of spirit endows him with glasses of too roseate hue, it would be difficult to find a country in which to spend a few months more delightfully than Majorca, Minorca, and Iviza. Given a people of Castilian courtesy, to whom hospitality is almost a religion; in house and person cleanly, measured even by Dutch standards of cleanliness; a country of rare beauty and great historical interest, and a climate worthy of the latitude; and the too plentiful mosquito, which the author pillories as the only drawback, may be tolerated with a good grace. M. Vuillier's freshness of outlook, keen observation, and ready sympathy give him wide range of interest. He does not go far below the surface, it is true; he touches lightly, but with deft sufficiency, on the dry bones of history, painting in, as it were, a background for the mass of sociological lore he acquired. It is this wealth of detail regarding curious customs, ceremonies, and beliefs which invests his book with its great charm and value. If one aspect of sociology claimed more special attention than another, it was the Balearic modes of courtship and marriage. In Iviza, one of the smaller isles, for example, it is the custom for a young man who desires to pay his attentions to a maid to hurry softly up behind her and discharge his carbine or musket into the ground at her feet. It is a point of honour with the lady to betray no emotion at this very startling salutation, though the swain is at pains to take her by surprise. Betrothal among these people is apparently much more important than completion of the marriage contract; indeed, the religious ceremony and civil ordinances are frequently postponed until after the first child is born. If, however, the man dies before the prescribed but delayed ceremonies have been performed, no social disability attaches to either widow or child.

The book is copiously and beautifully illustrated. M. Vuillier's pictures are not all of equal merit, but those which represent types and costumes are entitled to the highest praise; their refinement and vigour are remarkable; and happy indeed is the artist in his engraver.

Mr. Breton's translation is exceedingly good, though we notice some trifling errors. "Make a service" is hardly English, and he uses "homely" in the sense of "homelike." He would also have rendered a service had

he dispensed with the very short paragraphs the author affects; until one grows accustomed to them "sentence paragraphs" are irritating.

The Charm, and other Drawing-Room Plays.
By Walter Besant and Walter H. Pollock.
(Chatto & Windus.)

THE drawing-room play is hedged about with so many bounds as to be almost an impossibility. The action must not be complicated, because an alcove does not lend itself to variety of stage effect; the dialogue must not be subtle, because the audience consists mainly of mothers and chaperons; the whole must be artificial, because the attempt of drawing-room actors to express natural emotion is apt to end in the grotesque. Sir Walter Besant and Mr. Pollock have grappled bravely with their problem. Some idea of the difficulties they have had to contend with may be gathered from the fact that in one place they have thought fit to append the following note: "If the lady who plays Madeleine objects to firearms, she can draw a dirk, conceal it, get nearer to Méhée while Georges surrenders, and stab Méhée." Whether the result of their joint labours may be regarded as literature is, perhaps, hardly a fair question; it should, at any rate, be a boon to enterprising hostesses. So far as we can judge without the aid of a rehearsal, the plays are with one exception quite practical. This exception is *The Spy*, for, apart from Madeleine's possible disinclination to firearms, we do not think that explosions and Bacchanalian choruses are quite within the drawing-room plane. You cannot, in fact, get amateurs to roister. On the other hand, in some of the other plays the authors have perhaps been a little too insipid in sentiment. The most effective as well as the most original piece in the book is *Loved I not Honour More*. Here they have let themselves go a little more, without, we think, exceeding the limits of actors of average amateur capacity. In most cases the endings are a weak point. *The Shrinking Shoe*, for instance, which plainly required a third short act, is huddled up lamentably into two.

John Webster's The Duchess of Malfi. Edited by C. Vaughan, M.A. "The Temple Dramatists." (Dent.)

THIS little volume is done after the manner of Mr. Israel Gollancz's meritorious and successful *Temple Shakespeare*. It is pleasantly printed without red lines, and if slipped into the pocket should beguile the tedium of a railway journey. Prof. Vaughan's preface gives the necessary account of what little we know about Webster and his play, together with some very just and useful criticism. Herein, of course, he follows in the lines of Charles Lamb, whose passage on the subject is perhaps his masterpiece of appreciation. We must quote it for the beauty of the thing, and because it is the ultimate word upon Webster:

"To move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop and then step in with mortal instruments

to take its last forfeit: this only a Webster can do. Writers of an inferior genius may 'upon horror's head horrors accumulate,' but they cannot do this. They mistake quantity for quality, they 'terrify babes with painted devils,' but they know not how a soul is capable of being moved; their terrors want dignity, their affrightments are without decorum."

Of the play itself little need be said; it contains the magnificent "Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young." We would suggest to Prof. Vaughan and his fellow editors that, as their series is one for the general public, it might be worth while to prefix to the text a brief argument of the action. It would only take a page, and the general public can hardly be expected to find its way unaided through the intricacies of an Elizabethan plot.

Medicine and Kindred Arts in the Plays of Shakespeare. By Dr. John Moyes.
(Maclehose.)

THIS posthumous work is based upon a thesis offered by the writer for the degree of Doctor of Medicine of Glasgow. It is an admirable and well-arranged summary of the subject, written from the professional standpoint, and with an adequate knowledge of the physiology and therapeutics of Shakespeare's time. References to insanity are alone excluded, as having already been fully dealt with by Dr. Bucknill and others. As a matter of fact, much the same ground has been covered by a series of articles in the German Shakespeare Society's Year-book, but the present book will doubtless be found useful by the many Shakespeare scholars who do not, when they can help it, read German. We could, at times, have wished Dr. Moyes more of the saving grace of humour, for he is apt to put things in a way which provokes the risible faculties. Thus: "*Pruritus*, and its relief by scratching, are turned to good use, as where Caius Marcius in *Coriolanus*, coming upon the clamorous and discontented citizens, asks—

"What's the matter, you dissentious rogues, That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion, Make yourselves scabs."

Or thus: "The advantages of an occasional abstinence from flesh meat are illustrated in Sir Andrew Aguecheek, who says, 'Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.'" It is a mistake to write too much in the bedside manner. Dr. Finlayson, who edits the book, has added a good bibliography.

The Private Life of the Renaissance Florentines.
By Dr. Guido Biagi. (Florence: Bemporad. London: Fisher Unwin.)

HERE is a reprint, done in Florence, of an essay which originally appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It is rather a sketch than a detailed study, but full of interest. Largely it is concerned with the great increase of wealth which was due to the Florentine commerce of the fourteenth century, with the wild extravagances in dress and fashion which were the result, and with the sumptuary laws which were

devised to check them. These laws failed, as they always do, but they were a protest on behalf of simpler manners and austere morals. Donna Francesca, the wife of Lantozzo di Uberto degli Albizi, of the parish of San Pietro Maggiore, ventured to wear

"a black mantle of raised cloth; the ground is yellow, and over it are woven birds, parrots, butterflies, white and red roses, and many figures in vermilion and green, with pavilions and dragons, and yellow and black letters and trees, and many other figures of various colours—the whole lined with cloth in hues of black and vermilion."

This dainty garment was taken from her, sequestered, and stamped with the official seal of lead, bearing half a lily and half a cross. Poor thing, it must have gone to her heart! The reprint is enriched with numerous illustrations, some from Politian's *Commentarium*, others—and these the most interesting—from miniatures. In one the Virgin plays a harp above; beneath, two cherubs keep watch and ward over a giraffe. This giraffe was a present from the Sultan of Babylonia to Lorenzo dei Medici. It was immensely popular, and was paraded from convent to convent to satisfy the curiosity of the nuns. "It died on the 2nd January 1489," says the chronicler, "and everybody lamented it, for it was such a beautiful animal."

The Education of Children at Rome. By George Clarke, Ph.D. (Macmillan & Co.)

IN this little treatise, originally written as a dissertation for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the University of Colorado, the author writes in clear and sometimes amusing manner of the life of the Roman schoolboy, which was surprisingly like that of the schoolboy of to-day. He played truant and feigned illness on occasion (Persius used to rub his eyes with olive oil in order to assume the appearance of illness, though we somewhat doubt his success); he sat upon forms, while his master sat in a chair upon a dais; he learned reading, writing, and arithmetic; and, when he was naughty, he was caned on the hand, or in extreme cases was swished, as we may learn from a fresco discovered at Herculaneum. Dr. Clarke has thoroughly digested his authorities, and has made ample use of the Institutes of Quintilian (the first Roman teacher who received a salary from the State). This small work will be found useful by the student who does not read German; for, with the exception of a work on Pre-Christian Education, by Dr. S. K. Laurie, which appeared last year, we know of no English writer who has collected the scattered allusions to the subject from classical authors. The student has been hitherto dependent on the somewhat ponderous works of German scholars—of which there are enough and to spare—or on the excursus on education in Becker's *Gallus* so excellently rendered by Mr. Metcalfe. Certainly Prof. Becker left no source of information unexplored, and Dr. Clarke is deeply indebted to his German predecessor for his material; but Dr. Clarke has dressed his material in more attractive fashion.

POETRY.

Poems of Henry Vaughan. Edited by E. K. Chambers. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

CAN you figure to yourself your talk had you lived some half way through the seventeenth century? It is an Oxford tavern, conceive; a party of you, beruffed wits of the University, debate between your cups the State troubles, and degrees in the academes of Oxford or Apollo; while the drawer varies your converse with such lyrical interbreathings as "A pint of sack in the Moon; look to the gentlemen in the Star!" You talk of Jonson, the king of a day gone by; of Fletcher, who has just passed away, a reverend relic. Among his fellow stars you single out Randolph, and praise that fine poet's *Amyntas*. The Time-to-Be, overhearing you, opens its eyes. But you go on to the living great; you talk of the ingenious and sparkling Mr. Cowley; Cleveland is a star of the first magnitude; and one young man puts in a special word for the splendid genius of Cartwright. ("Not a word of Crashaw!" says the listening Time-to-Be.) Cartwright, says the young man, has those grand miracles which deify the old world's writings. Not a line in him offends by flashes or obscurity. You all assent; for are you not in the foremost files of criticism, or can you see the lifted eyebrows of the Future? Or what would that young man say if it were told him that his fame should one day trample on Cartwright's, and shine down many Randolphs? For he is Henry Vaughan, whose poems have now been added, in two charming volumes, to the Muses' Library of Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen; and this picture of contemporary judgment is drawn from his own verse. It was the day of the minor poet then, as now. Cowley overshadowed a lesser swarm. There was the dainty negligence of Suckling, the weaker grace of Carew; but there were also the Cartwrights and Cleavelands—pinchbeck Herricks and flat Cowleys, whose gingerade was yet taken for champagne by men of genius; and it is to be feared Crashaw was better esteemed by Cowley than by Cowley's admirers. Young Vaughan's own University poetry took the prevalent cast—love lyrics as thin as Cleveland's, imitations of Donne akin to modern imitations of Browning, the crabbed ruggedness caught without the genius. Nor does the later volume, *Olor Iscanus*, please us much better, in spite of a vein of nature in the opening poem. The influence of Herbert converted both his life and his poetry; and his religious poems contain Vaughan's real claim to fame.

It is a delightful edition in which he has at last been given to his admirers; print and paper excellent, the format charming without pretentiousness, and the whole enhanced by facsimile title pages from the original editions of *Silex Scintillans* and *Thalia Rediviva*. Mr. E. K. Chambers has not only admirably performed an editor's duty, but by the "Biographical Notes" prefixed to the second volume has supplemented the introductory memoir in such a fashion

that readers have here all that can be gathered regarding the poet. He has also given some interesting particulars of Henry's brother Thomas—famous as an alchemical writer. The introduction is by Mr. H. C. Beeching, himself a poet; and is not only lucid in biographical detail, but a delicate and exhaustive criticism of Vaughan. It is interesting to learn, on the authority of Archbishop Trench, that the resemblance between Wordsworth's great Ode and passages in Vaughan—notably his poem "The Retreat"—is not accidental. A copy of *Silex Scintillans* was in the sale catalogue of Wordsworth's library. On the relation between Vaughan and Herbert Mr. Beeching is discriminating. That he was influenced by Herbert is certain, and in his notes to the first volume Mr. Chambers has collated all the resemblances between the two poets. But he is essentially original. Mr. Beeching phrases the matter in a quotation from Mr. Simcox: Herbert was an ascetic, Vaughan a mystic. Herbert deals with conduct, Vaughan "harkens what the inner spirit sings." Herbert, as Mr. Beeching further remarks, is infinitely superior in form; except, we might add, in a poem or two where the inner feeling has been strong enough to create its own form in Vaughan. We might further say that Herbert is the more level poet of the two; there is a much greater proportion of remarkable poems in his *Temple* than in *Silex Scintillans*. Vaughan writes after the Wordsworthian fashion of pouring out all that comes, and as it comes; with the result—let us say outright—that, after Vaughan, Wordsworth seems by comparison a blossoming paradise. Vaughan, Mr. Beeching confesses, is "very much the poet of fine lines and stanzas, of imaginative intervals." Alas! and there is much interval. So much, that Mr. Beeching has performed the feat of quoting in his introduction the greater part of what is truly magical in the more scattered lines. For here is the poet's recompensing lead over Herbert. When he does strike home, it is to the heart of the thing uttered; the line penetrates, haunts, reveals, suggests, is magical as Wordsworth is magical. It may be Celtic; but if so, Wordsworth was Celtic. Let us quote "Corruption," because it is one of the few things Mr. Beeching has not quoted:

"Sure, it was so. Man in those early days
Was not all stone and earth;
He shined a little, and by those weak rays
Had some glimpse of his birth.
He saw heaven o'er his head, and knew from whence
He came condemn'd hither. . . .
Nor was heaven cold unto him; for each day
The valley or the mountain
Afforded visits, and still paradise lay
In some green shade or fountain.
Angels lay leiger here; each bush and cell,
Each oak and highway, knew them;
Walk but the fields, or sit down at some well,
And he was sure to view them."

For touches like these one can traverse wastes of frigid ingenuity or absolute commonplace, and metres like chopped stones. And there are some half-dozen poems entirely, or all but entirely, exquisite. Such

is "The Night," in which Mr. Beeching justly calls the last stanza sublime:

"There is in God, some say,
A deep but dazzling darkness; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.
O for that Night! where I in Him
Might live invisible and dim!"

A little more like that, and Vaughan would not be a minor poet, or have waited for this admirable edition, editor, and introducer to put him in the hands of the general reader. With much else that is exquisite to quote, it renders further quotation an anti-climax. A poet of sparse beauties, needing much patience; but where he does strike, like lightning, he leaves you vibrant. An affluent of the river Wordsworth, but here seen to be himself no insignificant stream; having that sense of the invisible in nature which lifts him, at seasons, into a serene air beyond a touch of art. This is the edition in which his lovers (may they multiply!) will wish to have him.

Ballads and Songs. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With illustrations by H. M. Brock. (Cassells.)

THE interest of the ballads and these songs is this—that Thackeray wrote them. In themselves they are little enough—trifles tossed off at odd moments for odd purposes, and never intended for separate and solemn publication. Yet we make them most heartily welcome, if only for the company they keep—Mr. Brock's illustrations. These are creations rather; for they surpass the letterpress in life and spirit. It would be impossible to imagine anything better than the drawings that fly with "The Flying Duke," and dance at "The P. & O. Ball," and sail with "The Three Sailors." If only Michael Angelo Titmarsh could have lived to see them!

The Dream of Mr. H—, the Herbalist.
By Hugh Miller, F.R.S.E. (Blackwood.)

ANOTHER attempt to breathe life into the dry bones of geological science is before us. But that it contains better knowledge and better imagination, it reminds one of Jules Verne's *Journey to the Centre of the Earth*. The scene of the dream is a forest of the Carboniferous epoch, filled with stupendous vegetation and inchoate animal life. The descriptions are vigorous and picturesque. Our fancy is particularly taken by the moon—a moon still alive and burning—of the period:

"Soon it was sagging big on the horizon—bigger than any moon of harvest-time, and redder than moons in the time of eclipse. I saw with wonder that it was mottled all over with flaming points and small jets of fire; also there was a glow of fire in places round its edges, the reason of which I have since seen to be this, that the volcanoes that now stretch their dead shadows over its deserts were here awake and blazing. I watched the wonder arise like a brazen targe set with flaming jewels."

It is rather a blow to be told in a note that there is some doubt whether the moon was not as much burnt out in the Carboniferous epoch as it is now.

FICTION.

A TALE OF THE MUTINY.

On the Face of the Waters. By Flora Annie Steel. (William Heinemann.)

MRS. STEEL'S new story has been highly praised already (*vide* press notices *passim*, as quoted in the advertisements) that if it were merely for the sake of a change one would be inclined to draw attention to its weaknesses. There is a danger, we hope it is no more, that a somewhat uncritical admiration for the work of the clever lady who has now come to be spoken of as the "female Rudyard Kipling" may do harm both to the authoress and her public. The description is neither elegant nor correct, for Mrs. Steel's resemblance to Mr. Kipling begins and ends in the fact that both write about India from intimate personal knowledge; and that the resemblance should strike both critics and public so forcibly is a remarkable sign of the novelty with which this inside handling of Indian subjects came upon the masses in whose name our great dependency is ruled. Is it too much to express a fear that Mrs. Steel has been tempted by this reception to imagine that she has a mission to inform the British public about the true history of India? In her latest book, at any rate, the element of history seems to us entirely to overbalance the fiction. We hasten to say that so far as the facts are concerned they are admirably portrayed. Mrs. Steel's capacity as a historian of the Indian Mutiny is undeniable; she is soaked through and through with knowledge of the environment in which she sets her story; she is no partisan, and her hero-worship is combined with justice. But, after all, fiction is fiction. It is with some apprehension that the present writer, who was one of the first to call attention to the power and beauty of those short sketches of Mrs. Steel's which came out anonymously in *Macmillan's*, sees the authoress compelled to begin her new story with a preface insisting on its historical accuracy, and explaining that it intended to be "history" as well as "story." In her own criticism, that in such an attempt she will "probably fail in either aim," Mrs. Steel seems to us to be a better critic of herself than most authors are. It is not from a novelist that we want "every incident scrupulously exact, even to the date, the hour, the scene, the very weather." It is not for the writer of fiction to boast that "I have not allowed the actors in the great tragedy to say a word regarding it which is not to be found in the accounts of eye-witnesses, or in their own writings." Let the "local colour" be correct, by all means. But we make a fetish of realism if such restrictions are put upon what in its essentials is an imaginative art. "The account of the sham court at Delhi," says Mrs. Steel, "did not need a single touch of fancy in the presentment." What a singularly humiliating confession this statement should be, if it were true! In point of fact, as all writers of picturesque history know, it cannot be literally true. It would only mean that the fancy of one

writer was adopted by another; and when that other is herself an artist in fiction, the result, if faithfully pursued, would be a literary calamity. Not so do the great artists use history, as Scott in *Ivanhoe* or George Meredith in *Vittoria*. They learn its uses and its limitations. The test of the historian is his accuracy; but the critic must test Mrs. Steele as a novelist, not by her descriptions of the real scenes of the Indian Mutiny, nor by her clever transcriptions of the chronicles, but by the human beings and human characters which she invents, the passions and ideas with which she invests them, by the play of her creative talent round the creatures of her imagination as they move through the world which she has chosen as their environment, and by her capacity for making an artistic unity out of the variety of circumstances. It is in this respect that *On the Face of the Waters* is weak. The desire to tell the whole history of the siege of Delhi has interfered seriously with the human interest in the story. Up to p. 210 there is a definite plot in the relations between Major Erlton, his wife, and his mistress. But when Mrs. Gissing falls the first of the women victims at Delhi, Mrs. Steel violently removes the whole moral situation to which she seemed to be working up—removes it just at the climax, when Mrs. Erlton learns that another woman is to be a mother by her husband, in a scene which, till its natural sequel is ruthlessly cut off, is full of promise for the working out of a most interesting problem of life. Alice Gissing is certainly the most human of the characters in this story. Her relations with Erlton, whose wife is represented at first as bound to him by the nominal tie only, are described with rare and even audacious sympathy; and when this chain of circumstance is abruptly snapped there is nothing to take its place. The final two hundred pages, one half of the book, have no real human interest, except the historical one. Mrs. Steel apparently intended the relations between Jim Douglas and Mrs. Erlton to supply it, but the sympathy of the reader is not aroused. Their adventures in the town in hiding, while the Mogul reigns in Delhi, and the British troops are besieging it from the Ridge, are most brilliantly narrated; but they are the adventures of isolated beings, both of them as bloodless as any men or women could be in such a situation; and Mrs. Steel evidently felt the mechanical aspect of their union after Major Erlton's death, when she relegated it to an appendix. This division of the story into two parts—one dealing with Alice Gissing and Major Erlton, and the other with Mrs. Erlton and Jim Douglas—deprives it of unity, which is not adequately attained by the part played by Douglas in both portions. What unity the volume has is given by its history of the siege of Delhi, and to say this is to praise Mrs. Steel the historian at the expense of Mrs. Steel the novelist.

While we maintain that a great novel is not to be composed by giving an historical background to several brilliantly interwoven episodes, it must be admitted that Mrs. Steel does give us of her best in the way of episode in *On the Face of the Waters*.

All that relates to the natives, whether to the Sepoys, or the Court, or the town, is admirable; and the sketches of British military and civil life are absolutely convincing. Mrs. Steel sees detail everywhere, and records it minutely; but she is full of humanity, in the broader sense, and can give us the mysticism of the Oriental as faithfully as the easy-going morality of the Anglo-Indian. Each incident, almost each chapter, is a picture by itself, revealing an extraordinary wealth of descriptive power, and a masterly insight into character. The disappointment is that, with so much that is brilliant by itself, the book as a whole finally lacks the intense interest which would be expected. But Mrs. Steel is so exceptionally gifted, that we shall hope to see her shake off the disintegrating tendency which has so fatally pursued some of our best writers of sketches and short stories.

A Child of the Jago. By Arthur Morrison. (Methuen.)

MR. ARTHUR MORRISON has drawn upon fresh material for this powerful and unequal story. It is a steep descent from the Mean Streets to the Jago, one to be indicated by a considerable deepening of the tints upon that lurid map of Mr. Charles Booth's. It means all the difference between respectability as an ideal rarely attained to, and respectability as the memory of an ideal long ago forsaken. For in the Jago—"for one hundred years the blackest pit in London"—you touch the very bottom of the social scale, the ultimate dregs and off-scourings of humanity. Dealing thus as it now does with the extremes of filth and rapacity and cruelty, Mr. Morrison's style has dropped something of its old effectiveness. Powerful it is still, and grimly humorous, and scrupulously faithful; but the quality of tragic restraint, so noticeable in the earlier book, has hardly fair play among conditions where the sheerest fidelity of expression can only read like extravagance. Tragedy, indeed, is well-nigh impossible in the Jago, for want of that conflict between good and evil out of which tragedy essentially springs. There is no good, at these levels, to count for anything. We are bound to say that we think there are passages in Mr. Morrison's book where the brutality exceeds the limits of art. The account, for instance, of the street fight between Sally Green and Norah Walsh is a thing which, like certain scenes in *Le Déshonneur*, and one or two exceptional stories of Mr. Kipling's, stirs not the imagination, but the gorge. Nevertheless, it is in many ways a book of extraordinary merit, for the remorseless vigour of the descriptions and for the dramatic power with which the writer has conceived, entered into, and maintained throughout the Jago point of view. To put this squalid record of robbery and murder as they are side by side with the Fagin and Bill Sykes scenes in *Oliver Twist* is to get an object lesson on the difference between the realistic and the romantic conceptions of fiction. Mr. Morrison's genius, we think, is rather for the episodic than for the epic. The book would have held together better if attention had been concentrated

throughout upon Dicky Perrott, who is admirably done, and not divided, as it is at the end, between him and his villainous father. Mr. Weech, the "fence," who "narks" and gets the reward of a "nark," is a creation. Conscious that his picture is lacking in high lights, he has introduced an heroic parson, the Rev. Henry Sturt. But the Rev. Henry Sturt has as little to do in the book as he was able to do in the Jago, and his real function seems to be to afford an opportunity for Mr. Morrison to express his preference for the methods of the Church in the slums over those of General Booth or of Toynbee Hall.

The Unjust Steward; or, the Minister's Debt.
By Mrs. Oliphant. (Chambers.)

WE must confess to a sneaking fondness for many of Mrs. Oliphant's stories. She began to write before the days when fiction became an art, and no doubt her conceptions of the possibilities and obligations of her calling are, in comparison with modern lights, limited. Her grammar and the construction of her sentences are by no means always beyond reproach; yet for all this she has a well-bred, leisurely style of her own which does not suffer by contrast with the fireworks and the vulgarities of certain younger and more ambitious ladies. From time to time, too, she will give us a picture, generally of some shrewd notable old Scotch body, which lingers pleasantly in the memory. Her latest production, however, is distinctly disappointing. The situation suggested lacks coherency and plausibility; it will not, so to speak, work out, but is full of weak places, which remind us of nothing so much as of dropped stitches in an old lady's knitting. The idea of the story is this: the Rev. Claud Buchanan, a minister at St. Rule, borrows £300 from an old friend, Mr. Anderson, for his children's outfit in life. No paper passes, but in the event of Mr. Anderson's death the minister is bound to declare the loan to the executor. Mr. Anderson does die, soon and unexpectedly, forgiving by a clause in his will all debts due to him of less than £100. After meditating on the parable of the unjust steward, the minister is tempted, and gives the executor to understand that what he has borrowed was only £50. The rest of the book is occupied with a study of his remorse and of his fear of detection by his own wife and children and by the defrauded heirs. Ultimately he confesses, is laughed at by the executor for his pains, and apparently has a clear conscience ever after. We submit that the ending is a grotesque one. No executor could possibly have refused the offered restitution, and even if such a solution had been feasible, we can hardly suppose that it would have appeased the sensitive scruples of the minister and his wife. Then, again, we are irritated by the strain put on our credulity when we are asked to believe that the dishonest transaction was kept secret for the space of four years from the minister's wife. She knew the amount of the debt, and we do not see how, as the story goes, she can have escaped hearing again and again the precise terms of Mr. Anderson's will. These points make the

whole story seem unreal, but the most serious weakness of all is a psychological one. We are convinced that the Rev. Claud Buchanan would not, as a matter of fact, have behaved so. If Mrs. Oliphant wishes us to believe that he did, she is bound to prove it; that is, she is bound to let us see how it came about, to put before us the mental processes which led up to so extraordinary an act, one so out of keeping with the man's whole character. If she had tried to do this, we think she would have found that the temptation was inadequate. In any case, she has not done it, and therefore we decline to believe her accusation, just as we should decline to believe, except upon evidence, a similar accusation against any clergyman of irreproachable reputation among our own acquaintance. The little love-story of which Mrs. Oliphant has thought it necessary to make an underplot is not particularly interesting; but Johnny Wemyss, the fisherman's son, who is designed for the ministry, but prefers to become a naturalist, is well and sympathetically drawn.

Life the Accuser. By E. F. Brooke. In 3 vols. (Heinemann.)

MISS BROOKE'S new novel is a considerable advance upon *A Superfluous Woman*. It is not very well written throughout. The English is conceived, in places, rather in the tradition of the circulating library than in that of the great masters. But in the conception of the story, in the grasp of the characters and the situations, there is undoubted power and notable promise. Miss Brooke takes her work seriously, and though you discern in her the undernote of protest, she does not complicate her aim or dull the point of her tragedy by turning it into a pamphlet. For a tragedy it is, a twofold tragedy: on the one side, that of an impetuous full-blooded woman, who hurries herself into ruin through sheer force of vitality and want of discipline; on the other, that of the man who sins consciously, or rather in wilful blindness, and is thus led to set foot after foot upon the progressive path of degeneration. The scenes which have probably cost the writer most pains, and which are in some ways the most original and striking, are those between Norman and Constantia Dayntree, after his infidelity and her accidental discovery of it. We do not feel sure that they are quite justifiable. They touch rather closely upon facts of sex which it is more usual to wrap up in silences and conventions. We by no means say that such subjects should never be treated, even in a novel; but we do say that, seeing how much there is in them to disturb and to disquiet, they should not be handled lightly, but should be left to those who can wield them with confidence and discretion. This rule has hardly been kept of late, and though there is nothing offensive in the way Miss Brooke deals with her theme, we are inclined to think that, until she had gained more experience, she might as well have left it alone. This criticism, however, only applies to a few pages, and need not be taken as detracting from the psychological skill with which both Norman and Constantia are

drawn. It is a fault of the book that the canvas is overcrowded with figures. The fatal necessity of filling three volumes may be in part responsible for this; but the whole of the large Armstrong family, except perhaps Eliza, is superfluous, and only serves to divert the attention which ought to be concentrated on the main action. The space so saved might well have been employed in working out with more patient elaboration the character of Rosalie Trelyon. So far as she goes she is finely wrought, but a little too much is left for the sympathetic imagination to fill in. We want to know a little more about her before we can be convinced that she is quite plausible. As the book stands, we are driven upon her tragedy with too little preparation, while the childhood of Eliza Armstrong, who is of very secondary importance, is as carefully studied as though she were to be the heroine. At first, indeed, we think she is, and so the whole story gets a wrong perspective. If Miss Brooke had been an Italian scholar, she would hardly have allowed one of her characters to speak of another as *Il Penserosa*.

A Gentleman's Gentleman. By Max Pemberton. (A. D. Innes & Co.)

WE are a little ashamed of the amusement which this book has caused us, for it is a veritable book of scoundrels, and the biggest scoundrel of the lot is the ostensible author—one Bigg, "gentleman's gentleman" to Sir Nicholas Steele, who is hero to his own valet. Sir Nicholas is an Irish baronet, bankrupt in capital and in reputation—Her Majesty has found no further need for his services—and, attended by the trusty Bigg, whose only redeeming features are loyalty to his master and his remarkable literary gift, he picks up a living by such wits as whisky has spared him. With all his faults—and he has little else to recommend him—Nicky Steele is an engaging companion. Together this pair of excellent scoundrels pass from Paris to Vienna, and from Vienna to St. Petersburg, eat and drink of the best, now making thousands by a *coup*, now at a shift for a sovereign. Their faith in the Providence which guards the improvident was fully justified, for in spite of their devious ways and questionable enterprises they end with a respectable competence. There is no moral lesson in the book, but plenty of diversion. Mr. Max Pemberton, however, forgets now and then that he is not really a valet. Unless we are mistaken, such gentlemen do not soliloquise "Oh Fortune, Fortune, what a slut you are!"

The Tides Ebb Out to the Night. Edited by Hugh Langley. (Henry.)

THIS is the imaginary journal of a modern, introspective, chloral-drinking, thoroughly selfish young man. It may be taken seriously or otherwise. As a "human document" it is valueless, being fiction, even if we had not already Obermann, Amiel and Marie Bashkirtseff. As a burlesque it does not compare favourably, even in brevity, with Mr. Street's *Autobiography of a Boy*.

The Chariot of the Flesh. By Hedley Peek. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

THE hero of Mr. Peek's romance is happily not the sort of man that we need be under any apprehension of meeting in our everyday existence. Alan Sydney had developed with infinite trouble a sixth sense, which enabled him to be conscious of the thoughts which were passing in other people's minds, but which they themselves would often have died rather than expressed. The good taste of having a sixth sense does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Sydney, for he used it most mercilessly. He admitted, however, that the average man was as yet on too low a moral plane to be able to use it exclusively for good. But so long as he used his sixth sense for what he considered the good of any one, Mr. Sydney never hesitated to use it. A sixth sense, however, was only one of the many qualifications for our esteem which Mr. Peek's hero possessed. He could not only leave his body, and visit any part of the world where he thought he might be of use and do good, but he could dissolve his body as well, so that not a trace of it remained, and reincarnate himself after he had reached his destination. The proceeding, perhaps, was not quite fair to the railway companies and the great ocean liners, but surely we would all do the same if we could. How often Mr. Sydney travelled to and from India we do not know, but if he had been compelled to go like an ordinary mortal it would have been a drain even upon his income, which was not less than £12,000 a year. At the present day we are afraid that a theosophical romance of this kind stands little chance of being treated seriously; the absurdity of it is too patent for a matter-of-fact race which has conquered the greater part of the world without setting at nought the law of gravitation.

The Final War. By Louis Tracy. (C. A. Pearson.)

MR. TRACY takes in this book an extremely optimistic view of the future of the Empire. He imagines a combination of France, Germany, and Russia against Great Britain in 1898, and describes the details of the deadly struggle with a certain amount of vigour and verisimilitude. To add to the realism of the picture he introduces such eminent personages as the Kaiser, the Prince of Wales, Lord Wolseley, Lord Charles Beresford, and Dr. Jameson, while ambassadors, presidents, and ministers are as thick as thieves. In the end, by enrolling every able-bodied man (which, by-the-way, is not "proscription," as Mr. Tracy seems to think), by the invention of a new and deadly weapon, and with the aid of the United States, Great Britain licks creation, makes the Kaiser prisoner, and captures Paris. It must be confessed that Mr. Tracy takes somewhat heavy toll of the improbable, nor do we think his technical knowledge is quite equal to the strain imposed upon it. For example, thirty-six French and German battleships with gunboats and torpedo-boats attempt to land an enormous force at Worthing, and instead of taking the obvious precaution of first clearing the Channel of the

small fleet under Lord Charles Beresford, the enemies' admirals bombard the Esplanade and are held in check by the Mayor at the head of the volunteers! Then Lord Charles Beresford comes up in the dark while the enemy is not looking and destroys them! The British Empire would be safe enough if we could depend upon such an enemy as that.

Paula: a Sketch from Life. By Victoria Cross. (London: Walter Scott.)

THIS is not a good novel. The atmosphere is unreal, the events incredible, the characterisation very rough and very ready. The heroine writes a wonderful play, and knows she can be a wonderful actress; a very unpleasant manager offers to produce it if she will marry him; she loves somebody else, but consents for the sake of the play. She runs away from the manager with the other man, whereupon the manager writes that "he will remove your play instantly from the boards if you don't return." Logical, certainly.

OTHER NOVELS.

A Neglected Privilege, by Maggie Swan (Ward, Lock, & Bowden), is a tale with a wholesome moral proper to these times: the account of a woman who ruined her husband by following after the will-o'-the-wisp of freedom, and was sorry for it afterwards. It is simply and effectively told, and may serve as an antidote to *Chrystall, the Newest of Women* (Digby, Long), by one who styles herself (?) "An Exponent." We tried to imagine that the Exponent was jesting, but we are compelled reluctantly to believe that she is deadly serious in this dull story of a woman who claimed the right to choose fathers for her children. The writer seems to imagine that she has laid hold upon a new idea. It may be counted a merit in this particular work that it shows no sign of genius.—*Sin for a Season*, by Vere Claverling (Hurst & Blackett), is the story of two lives spoiled by a youthful liaison. It is not beautiful, but the author writes with conviction; and the characters of Herbert Meredyth and Blanche Cheriton are capably conceived. The style does not err in the direction of pedantry.—*The Dragon-Slayer*, by Roger Pocock (Chapman & Hall), a dynamite story of which New York is the theatre, is full of exciting incidents; and the fun is sometimes amusing.—*Leeway*, by Howard Kerr (Innes). A strong novel. Mr. Kerr can actualise a character and develop it. The neurotic Narita is a strangely complex being, worthy of study; and Dick Farley, the malleable, is a man we know.—Mrs. Jocelyn's new novel, *A Regular Fraud* (E. V. White), will probably be no less successful than its predecessors. The author introduces into a family of tomboy girls a youth in feminine garb. The situation is *risqué*, but she treats it discreetly, and by means of it contrives a lively little farce.—*For Stark Love and Idleness*, by N. Allen (Macdonald, Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier), is a Scots romantic story of the sixteenth century, with plenty of adventure and a wholesome love interest. It is rather long,

but patient people, with much spare time upon their hands, will be able to read it.—A score of slum stories from the Evangelical pen of W. J. Wintle comes to us under the title *Paradise Row*. But the pen can write; and if it produces tracts, we allow, at least, that they are very good ones.—If Miss Helena Grimshawe be a novice, her novel, *Trapped by Avarice* (Digby, Long), is quite promising. There is a stolen necklace in it, a crime on Lake Erie, and a bogus will by which the hero and heroine are driven out of Manton Hall, until the last chapter puts everything right.—*Belfield*, by Esca Gray (Skeffington). Belfield was the daughter of a deceased Dissenting minister, and the mantle of her father was upon her. She was very mystical, and her lover found it hard work to live up to her. At last she went to chapel and heard a beautiful hymn by Adelaide A. Procter; and we gather that she died of it. But we are not sure.—*Forestwyk*, by Elizabeth Boyd Bayly (Jarrold), is a wholesome tale of English home-life, which flows gently over an immense number of pages. Now and then it breaks into a furious ripple, as when Gundry "stifles a mortal throe."—*The Turn of the Tide*, by W. W., author of *Once For All* (Women's Printing Society), is a wholesome, clean tale of Scotland in the days of Waverley, modelled upon *Kidnapped*. Perhaps it is rather a misfortune that it should so persistently challenge comparison with Stevenson's book; but, nevertheless, the boy tells his story with spirit and some unconscious humour.—In *Denys d'Aurillac* (John Macqueen) Mrs. Lynch gives us an agreeable picture of modern French life. The story depends for its interest upon the honourable love of two Frenchmen—friends—for an English painter girl. The three principal characters are engagingly depicted: they win our sympathy from the first, and retain it to the end.—*Stella's Story*, by Darley Dale (Virtue), is remarkable for its tasteful binding and some pretty illustrations. Stella falls in love with Paul Benson, who also loves her, but nobly marries Mary because it is his duty. He lives happily with his wife till she perishes in a mine explosion, after which he returns to Stella. Woven into this is the story of Benson's twin sisters, whose admirers can never tell 't'other from which. A simple little book, and very restful.—In *The Lady Ecclesia*, an Autobiography (Hodder & Stoughton), Dr. Matheson, a Scots minister, gives, in allegorical form, his idea of the Church's history. It is not the ordinary use for allegory, but the author has come pretty near success.—*The Dead Prior*, by C. Dudley Lampen (Elliot Stock), is a tale of mystery and treasure in the shadow of an old priory church. Also, there is love. The workmanship is not very good, but the idea of hissing "Infidel" through one's teeth, as Gilbert Aubrey does, strikes us as original.—*The Twin Dianas*, by Roof Roofer (Digby, Long), is an American novelette of an egregious type. One of the Dianas is a city beauty, the other a nun. The religious Diana emerges from her luxurious cloister to act as bridesmaid upon the occasion of the other's marriage in the last chapter.

CHRISTMAS GIFT-BOOKS.

CHRISTMAS gift-books anticipate Christmas bills only by a few weeks. Both are inevitable. Nominally the gift-book is a book which is bought by one person for the delectation of another. The most inveterate egoist would hardly buy a gift-book for himself. If he wished for it very much, he would buy it for his wife or his children. Many a man uses his wife and children in this way. On our table lie some dozens of these books, destined both for the drawing-room and the nursery.

A book illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell is always a possession to be prized. Mr. Pennell is the ideal illustrator of a work descriptive of scenery: he supplies so unobtrusive yet alluring a pictorial commentary. His little sketches and notes of places, infinitely light and graceful, occur in the text so happily. There is none of the formality of the inserted full-page. This year Mr. Pennell gives us an exquisite edition of Washington Irving's *Alhambra* (Macmillans), enriched by more drawings than we have been able to count.

A CHARMING volume of travel, written in the pleasant personal manner of which *Eothen* and the *Travels with a Donkey* are good examples, is *Travels in Unknown Austria*, written and illustrated by Princess Mary of Thurn and Taxis, and published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The incidents chronicled are sometimes very slight, even trivial, but the author brings a very winsome gaiety to her descriptions.

FROM the same publishing house comes a new two-volume edition of *Westward Ho!* a romance for which one may safely prophesy perennial vigour and attraction. As, however, it is read but by few persons above the age of seventeen, we think it rather a pity to have issued it again in two volumes; boys do not want two volumes of any story. The illustrations, by Mr. C. E. Brock, are spirited.

MR. ANNING BELL's designs for *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (J. M. Dent & Co.) have a lightness and grace which, if not precisely Shakespearian, are at least very attractive. An immortal fantasy such as this offers absolutely endless opportunities to an artist possessed of any fancy. Mr. Bell, as his admirers know, has fancy in abundance, and a pencil gifted with unerring dexterity. We do not, however, think that the paper of this volume does justice to the artist's line, a glazed paper would be more sympathetic. The book is a very pretty one. Mr. Gollancz supplies a preface.

IN *The Child World*—a title which, with the omission of the definite article, has been used before for a kindred work—Mr. Gabriel Setoun deliberately challenges comparison with Robert Louis Stevenson in *A Child's Garden of Verse*. The form is similar, even to the inclusion of a number of "postscripts," and the same illustrator, Mr. Charles Robinson, has made the pic-

tures, and the same publisher, Mr. John Lane, has produced the book. We find it very difficult, then, to come freshly to Mr. Setoun, since everything has been done to remind us of his exemplar; but, setting aside Mr. Stevenson as far as is possible, we can call the verses very pretty indeed. Short of genius, they are excellent—easy, flexible, and simple. "The World's Music" and "Jack Frost" are, for example, quite charming, and here is a little poem called "Dreams":—

"If children have been good all day,
And kept their tongues and lips quite clean,
They dream of flowers that nod and play,
And fairies dancing on the green.

"But if they've spoken naughty words,
Or told a lie, they dream of rats;
Of crawling snakes, and ugly birds;
Of centipedes, and vampire bats."

Here we see at once Mr. Setoun's strength and weakness. His strength is his simplicity of utterance; his weakness is inaccuracy. Children do not necessarily do these things, nor is either the reward or the punishment particularly striking. Many children, whatever their moral conduct, would as soon dream of rats as flowers. Mr. Robinson's drawings are not equal to those he made for *A Child's Garden of Verse*. He is becoming over-decorative. Some of these pictures are crowded confusingly, particularly that on p. 21, and for the most part they lack decision. Were this Mr. Robinson's first book, we should still hail him with fervour, but comparing him with himself we are less enthusiastic. Page 27 is, however, very winning, and there is a truly Robinsonian town on p. 36. But people less morbidly concerned for the honour of literature and art for children than is the present reviewer will think the book a real treasure.

MR. HUGH THOMSON's illustrated edition of *Cranford* may, perhaps, be said to fix the standard. None the less, we suppose that any other artist is entitled to try what he can do with the book. Miss Matty, one would say, is not capable of much diversity of rendering, but book buyers can hardly quarrel with attempts to present her anew with the pencil. The latest artist to illustrate *Cranford* is Mr. T. H. Robinson, who has supplied sixteen drawings for the half-crown edition issued by Messrs. Bliss, Sands & Co. Mr. Robinson's work is clean and dexterous, though we cannot call it in perfect accord with Mrs. Gaskell's charm.

MR. JOHN LANE enriches the tables of the drawing-room and smoking-room with his album of satirical drawings by A. B. Wenzell, whose brilliant work is known to readers of the *American Life* and the German *Fliegendeblätter*. The artist brings to his task of displaying to Society some of its poses and affectations a brilliancy of technique which, to our mind, exceeds that of Mr. Gibson, and leaves Du Maurier far behind. In wit, however, he is deficient—Du Maurier surpasses him with ease—but one cannot have everything. This Wenzell album, which is entitled *In Vanity Fair*, should pass into the collection of every connoisseur of black-and-white

art. Another delightful album, also published by Mr. Lane, is Mr. C. D. Gibson's *Pictures of People*, a series of Society scenes, where the American girl is exploited, often wilful, always charming. He who buys the Wenzell album should also buy the Gibson album, and so acquire the best examples of the two leading artists in the province that Du Maurier made his own. For those who like a racier and a more vivid humour there is Mr. Phil May's *Gutter-Snipes* (The Leadenhall Press). The subjects are the gay and casual London street arabs. The pen is Mr. Phil May's. What more need be said?

THE late Mrs. Ewing has so many friends among English-speaking people that any book in her praise is certain to find numerous readers. *Leaves from Juliana Horatia Ewing's "Canada Home,"* by Elizabeth S. Tucker (Boston: Roberts Brothers), is therefore assured of some circulation on this side of the Atlantic, although originally intended for Americans and Canadians. Mrs. Tucker writes as a hero worshipper, but her matter is not the less interesting for that. A few of Mrs. Ewing's letters are included, and the whole work will come as a pleasant supplement to Miss Gatty's *Life of her sister*. The illustrations are well reproduced.

FOR an accumulation of difficulties and terrors we know of no story to approach that of Wulfrie the Bold in his quest of Faleide, as it is told by Miss Maidie Dickson in the *Saga of the Sea-Swallow* (A. D. Innes). The shaver of Shagpat had a sufficiently thorny path to tread, but Wulfrie's adventures exceed even his. We only hope that Faleide was worth so much winning—but how tame her lover's after-life must have been! The narrative is told with the most engaging circumstantial vividness, and it held us as we read. A child with a taste for wonders should be breathless over it. The pictures, by Miss Hilda Fairbairn and Mr. J. D. Batten, are fresh and fitting.

MR. ARTHUR RACKHAM's drawings make *The Zankiwank and the Bletherwitch* (Dent) a book worth having. We seem to recognise in this artist a comic draughtsman of unusual merit, who deserves to have letterpress worthy of him as soon as may be. Mr. Adair Fitzgerald, the author of this book, has good humour and high spirits in abundance, and now and again hits on a diverting idea; but, in the main, his nonsense is not of a high order. The influence of the Alice books is too apparent in places, especially when his fun takes the form of verbal quibbles. None the less, there is more intelligence in the pages of *The Zankiwank and the Bletherwitch* than in many a more pretentious volume, and we have enjoyed it. But Mr. Rackham delights us positively.

IF Prebendary Harry Jones's fairy story, *Prince Boo Hoo and Little Smuts* (Gardner, Darton & Co.), were as delightful as Mr. Gordon Browne's illustrations, we should hail the book with acclamation. It is, indeed, as it stands, a thoroughly jolly (there is no fitter word), although unequal,

production. The manner in which everyday life and whimsical life are fused is, to us, bewildering, but it is the kind of bewilderment which children are supposed to favour. Prebendary Jones's nomenclature might be better; Nevverbocksisears and Queen Kizzimforwotteredid are clumsy. King Starzungarturz is better, but not genius. The high spirits of the author, however, will be welcome in many nurseries. The book is one to be read aloud.

THE author of *Katawampus* has in *Butter Scotia* (D. Nutt) produced another very jolly book (with an inspired title) for children, and yet we are constrained to find two faults. We are a little vexed with Judge Parry for writing in such a hurry, and we are quite in doubt as to whether he should give to the world at large so intimate a volume. Now and then you feel almost as though a private document had come by accident into your hands. This, however, is a question for an author to settle for himself. To that haste with which *Butter Scotia* obviously has been composed must be laid the failure of the book to be very much better than it is. There are delightful passages and conceits in it, and the personality that beams between the lines is most engaging; but over and over again we find instances of the need of revision, of compression, or of excision altogether. It is too long, and the author's invention frequently tires. And in no single case are the verses satisfying. All this, we imagine, is because Judge Parry vowed to have another nursery book ready for Christmas, instead of letting the pages grow as they would. (My lord, there is no hurry. Children are by no means weary of your *Katawampus* yet.) Now and then the nonsense is very pleasant. Thus:

"A little while afterwards they heard a sheep bleating in the darkness, and soon passed close to a little boat in which a black ewe sat holding a lighted bedroom candle, and crying out regularly every fifteen seconds, 'Baa! baa!' at the top of her voice. It sounded very mournful out there upon the silent sea.

"What is the sheep doing?" asked Kate. . .

"It is the light-sheep," said Krab gravely, "and that is the Harbour Baa, four baas to the minute. Now we know we are safely out to sea."

The pictures, by Archie Macgregor, are very droll. He has designed a map of *Butter Scotia* that should hang in every nursery. We notice that Treacle River and Butter River mutually unite in Toffee Bay, which is ingenious.

DR. BRIDGE's settings of some of the lyrics in Judge Parry's fairy book, *Katawampus*, are as bright and cheery as the story itself. These *Katawampus Kanticles* (D. Nutt) not only jingle well, they are musical—so much that jingles is not musical. The liveliest are perhaps "Pater's Bathe" and "Krab's Farewell." In the first the composer gives us a hint of "The Bay of Biscay," in the other we are reminded of an old nigger song. The result is very happy.

A PICTURE book that comes from Messrs. Henry & Co. rather bewilders us. The title is *The Happy Owls*, and the artist Th. Van Hoytema. The illustrations are coloured lithographs somewhat in the Japanese manner, and now and then they are true works of art. The story is utterly immaterial, but here and there we come upon a plate designed by a master hand and mind. In his scenes of poultry Mr. Van Hoytema is admirable.

THE folklore and country legends of all nations are now ransacked by students for the entertainment of the nursery. No nation is too insignificant or too savage to supply amusing stories for English children. Before us lie two volumes made of such material—*Turkish Fairy Tales*, collected by Dr. T. Gracz Kunos, and translated by Mr. R. Nisbet Bain (Lawrence & Bullen), and *Australian Legendary Tales*, collected by Mrs. K. Langloh Parker (D. Nutt). There is something rather attractively humorous in the idea of Turkey—the vilified, terrifying Turkey—furnishing fairy tales for the little ones of our own outraged nation! The stories offered by Mr. Bain are, perhaps, a shade too grotesque for the English mind, but they have interest for everyone. The *Australian Legendary Tales* are claimed by Mr. Andrew Lang, in his preface, to make up "a *Jungle Book* . . . of black little boys and girls." But he uses the title of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's book too glibly. These tales may interest the student of *Kinder-märchen* and ætiology; but they offer few attractions to children, and are not to be mentioned in the same week with Mr. Kipling's. Personally we have found them tiresome.

THIS year Mr. Palmer Cox has deserted the Brownies, and he gives instead to his young admirers a volume of miscellaneous pictures and verses, entitled *Queer People* (T. Fisher Unwin). The rhyming is very fluent, but not very funny; and Mr. Cox's pencil has not such opportunities as were offered to it by the little people whose honoured historian he is. This is, however, an amusing budget, over which a child with a sense of fun can while away many an hour.

THE simple colour printing which adds so much to the interest and value of *The Child's Pictorial* (S.P.C.K.) is so satisfactory that we wonder it is not more commonly met with. The editor of *The Child's Pictorial* is fortunate in his artists. In Miss Edith C. Farniloe he has a delicious humorist of the school of Mr. Phil May—her picture on p. 117 is quite perfect; and the anonymous illustrations of a series of articles on insects written by the Rev. Theodore Wood, have a charming quaintness, as a glance at p. 29 will convince. Among the writers is Mrs. Molesworth.

MR. JOHN LANE reissues three of Mr. Walter Crane's toy books—*The Absurd A B C*, *Mother Hubbard*, and *The Three Bears*. They have even more than their old charm.

A PARCEL of Christmas cards, Christmas booklets, calendars, and diaries comes from Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. Many of the cards show grace in design and colour. One of the new calendars gives us a round dozen of modern poets, one for each month, beginning with Mr. Swinburne (January) and ending with Miss Ingelow (December). Among the Christmas books we find *Holy Christmas*, a volume of verses, illustrated simply and fittingly by Mrs. Gaskin.

The Parade. Edited by Gleeson White. (Henry & Co.)

THE production of a story for children needs something more than the mere will to write. It needs at the outset sympathy with the audience addressed, and understanding of them, and enthusiasm for their entertainment. The writer for children, it seems to us, to be successful must be very "keen" upon the communication of pleasure. To win praises for his art, to delight the amateur of style—these should be secondary or negligible ambitions. First and foremost must come the beguilement of the child.

With such a standard in our mind we opened *The Parade*, the handsome miscellany for children which Mr. Gleeson White has edited for Messrs. Henry & Co. And now we have finished reading it, and the time has come to say something, and we know not what to say. Because if our standard is right, then *The Parade* is utterly wrong. We will not affirm that Mr. White's authors and artists do not desire the amusement or interest of their young audience—that is too much; but we must bring against them the charge of a want of sympathy and understanding without which no amount of enthusiasm is of avail. We convict them also of a want of seriousness. That for grown-up readers anything is good enough we all know, no one better than the reviewer, who sees slovenly, ignorant work selling in its thousands year after year; but it is a mistake to suppose that anything is good enough for children. No kind of author has, indeed, so exacting a taskmaster as he who sets out to entertain children. They are pitiless critics: they either like a book or they do not like it; with them is no temporising, no charitable admission of the tedious writer's excellent intentions or sound literary sense. If it is an interesting book, they read it; if it is a dull book, they pronounce it bad. Least of all does it impress them when the novelists whose business it is to divert their parents set themselves to gambol with infinite creaking of joints "to amuse the dear little ones." They do not even grant that the impulse is worthy of gratitude. The contributors to *The Parade*, it seems to us, are not quite aware of this juvenile trait.

The chief fault of *The Parade* is that it is literary and self-conscious. With the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Laurence Housman and Mrs. Molesworth (who, however, is not playing quite fairly this time), there is not a single contributor who writes spontaneously and of his own natural bent. They all imitate.

One imitates Andersen, another Lewis Carroll, two or three Mr. Stevenson. The result is hotch-potch, totally lacking any animation, effervescence, verve. The impulse to write for children must come from within, not from without. We said hotch-potch; and truly, in his desire to be comprehensive, the editor has produced a most amazing medley. Thus, the stories contributed by John Oliver Hobbes, Mrs. Percy Dearmer, and Mr. Max Beerbohm (who begins well, but fails disappointingly—through ignorance of child nature) would please no child above twelve years of age; yet on p. 156, in Mr. Paul Creswick's Stevensonian effort, we find the sentiment: "D—n it all, they'll beat us yet"; and the beginning of Miss Mary E. Mann's story is as follows:

"Is it possible that one can touch the very soul of things with music and yet be soulless? Can an artist play upon the heart-strings of his hearers and be conscious only of the strings of his fiddle? While the music he evokes rises and falls, sighs and wails and weeps, unsealing the frozen water, loosing the fountain of tears, tender as love's whisper in the dying ear, awful as the thunders of Sinai"—

and so on. We suppose that Mr. Gleeson White included this story to catch the sentimental Miss, and the "d—n" to placate the senile schoolboy; while only the parent is likely to be attracted by Mr. Le Gallienne's poem. To write about children—it should be continually remembered by the Condescending—is not to write for them. The illustrations are equally mixed. On p. 211, for example, there is one of the most gruesome pictures of a corpse that we have ever seen.

The Pageant, 1897. (Henry & Co.)

MR. C. H. SHANNON and Mr. Gleeson White have arranged an exceedingly sumptuous procession of picture, poesy, essay, and story; and all the skill of the artist, the blockmaker, the printer and the binder, has been enlisted to give the *Pageant* a dainty dressing. In its outward aspect there is nothing displeasing to the eye; indeed, its very beauty is almost irritating. For while the masterpieces of literature are content to dwell, ill-printed, between paper covers, there is something a trifle incongruous in the prevailing tendency to enshrine the trivialities of the moment in a binding specially designed by Mr. Ricketts, and to deck them out in the finest of print on the most delicate of paper.

Having said so much in disparagement, we must confess that the *Pageant* contains much of interest. Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Edmund Gosse add the weight of experience and assured reputation to its literary pages, while the younger generation knock successfully at the door. Mr. Angus Evan Abbott carries on the quaint adventures of the packman which he began in his lately published book, *The Gods give my Donkey Wings*; Mr. Max Beerbohm contributes a Japanese humoresque, with an underside of pathos, which he calls "Yai and the Moon"; and Mr. Alfred Sutro translates a play of Mæterlinck—a play in which mysticism trembles continually on the brink of the

grotesque, and more than once topples over into the abyss. We would note, too, an excellent essay by Mr. Edward Purcell—"On Purple Jars" is the title—on the shattered ideals of childhood and the duties of parents concerning them.

As to the pictures, which form a considerable portion of the *Pageant*, there is little that is revolutionary about them. Mr. Charles Conder, with a reproduction of a water-colour called "Le Premier Bal," tries to persuade us that he cannot draw; Mr. Rothenstein, with crayon rough but ready, sends a portrait of Huysmans; and Mr. Laurence Housman is represented by a pen-drawing, as well as by a fairy tale. But the bulk of the art is supplied by such as Gustave Moreau (of whom Mr. Gleeson White supplies an appreciation), Sir E. Burne Jones, M. Puvis de Chavannes, and Mr. G. F. Watts, and of the reproductions of these artists' work it would be difficult to speak too highly. From the art editor, Mr. Shannon, comes a drawing of "A Wounded Amazon," in which he has too obviously forgotten the surgical ceremony which the Amazons are reputed to have observed.

Posters in Miniature. (John Lane.)

It is only within the last decade that the poster—in England at least—has been taken seriously, but already we have an army of artists at work on the furnishing of the people's picture gallery; poster exhibitions have been held, and more than one book of poster reproductions has been published. Undoubtedly the last is the best. Mr. Edward Penfield contributes an introduction to a volume in which are gathered together examples of all the best known designers, such as Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, the Beggarstaff Brothers, Mr. Dudley Hardy, and MM. Lautrec, Steinlen, Chéret, and Willette, as well as many from America, which are probably unknown to most English amateurs. Prominent among these are the posters for the *Century*, the *Chap Book*, *Scribner's Magazine*, and the *Inland Printer*. One cannot, however, avoid the reflection, in glancing through this volume, that the poster is treated somewhat unfairly when it is reduced in size and reproduced in plain black and white. It was made to flame in colour upon a wall. A striking instance of the effect of this treatment is to be seen in Steinlen's masterly Sterilised Milk *affiche*. In the book you would pass it unnoticed. But no one ever missed seeing it, whatever its surroundings, when upon its native wall.

Modern French Masters. Edited by John C. Van Dyke. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

It is usual for the critic to speak kindly of Christmas gift-books. The inside is rarely controversial, and if he has antagonistic views about the way to tell a fairy-story or the illustrating of ballads, the pleasing cover, colour, and design helps to mollify his criticism. But for such a work as *Modern French Masters* he should find nothing but praise. It has the merit of combining

the advantages of an art reference work and a book that will, in the venerable phrase, "grace any drawing-room table." About the size of a bound volume of the *Academy*, the work under notice contains appreciations in little of twenty French artists—such men as Corot, Puvis de Chavannes, Carolus-Duran, Monet, Courbet, Manet, Dagnan-Bouveret, and Boutet de Monvel, accompanied by remarkably fine reproductions of their principal works. The articles are frankly appreciatory. They are all by painters—by American painters—pupils and admirers of the men about whom they write. In the words of the editor, Mr. John C. Van Dyke, "the volume has been specially prepared to voice the recollections and opinions of American artists about French artists and their work." As many of the illustrations have already appeared in the *Century* magazine, it goes without saying that they are of the best. Some are wood-engravings, others are in half-tone, and the editor challenges the public to judge of the relative merits of the two methods of reproduction. There is safety and truth in a half-tone reproduction, even if it is unkind to subtle tones. Moreover, in a half-tone you get the author's temperament: with wood-engraving another personality intrudes into the picture. Sometimes, as in Mr. Cole's beautiful engravings of "Joan of Arc" and "The First Communion," this is even an advantage, but Mr. Kingsley's engraving of Corot's "Orpheus Greeting the Morn" is not so successful, as anybody who compares this engraving with a photograph can assure himself. What is the meaning of the ugly black line that catches the profile of Orpheus? We should have thought that Corot, with his feathery technique and fastidious atmosphere, was the one man to reproduce in half-tone. It were as easy to trap a sunbeam as to engrave a Corot landscape adequately.

Meissonier. By Vallery C. O. Gréard. Translated by Lady Mary Loyd and Miss Florence Simmonds. (Heinemann.)

SELDOM has an artist received, within a few years of his death, so sumptuous a memorial as this book. Of regal size, and crammed from end to end with reproductions of all the more important works of Meissonier, together with innumerable sketches, studies, and portraits, it forms an invaluable compendium of the life and labour of one of the most remarkable and, pecuniarily, certainly the most successful French artist of the century. Besides the account of the life of Meissonier—a life of incessant toil and by no means devoid of incident (for he sought material upon the field of battle)—a copious selection is given from his own notes on art and life. Curiosity rather than admiration will carry the reader through these notes, which, it must be confessed, are in no wise remarkable for insight or expression. It only remains to be added that in printing, in arrangement, and in the reproduction of the pictures this volume could scarcely be improved.

In the West Country. By Francis A. Knight.
(Bristol: Hemmons.)

MR. KNIGHT reminds us of him *qui vit sans folie* in Rochefoucauld's famous maxim. He maintains a serene calmness in these essays, and never for one instant drops into the extravagance and rhodomontade which are pitfalls to the "prose poet of nature." His style, from beginning to end, is charged with the same percentage of rhetoric—not a large percentage, it is true, but enough to escape simplicity by. It has exactly that pedestrian calm which Stevenson praised Thoreau for lacking. A consequence is that we escape bathos, but have no fine and exquisite flight. Now, this is excellent over a cup of coffee, soporific in the arm-chair. Many a pleasant ten minutes do we owe Mr. Knight for his short essays in the *Daily News* or the *Speaker*, which come in welcome contrast to the business and controversy of urban life. But they are disappointing when collected into a volume. He will not take his reader by the hand and act simply as a guide to the romantic and beautiful West, and his touch is not sufficiently close, vivid, and graphic to make us forget geography and read purely because it is nature. This is, perhaps, applying too high a standard, however. Many people will be glad to read Mr. Knight's pleasant papers on Clovelly and Exmoor and Turf Moor, on Hale Well and Winscombe and the Mendips, without asking whether the writer be a Thoreau or a Jefferies. The publisher and artists have combined to give Mr. Knight a very pretty volume—some of the pictures are so good that the names of those who did them should be indicated by more than indecipherable initials. One sin of the writer demands a word. He often quotes poetry with admirable effect, but plays strange freaks with it, as witness his manipulation of that musical passage in the *Lotus-Eaters*:

"Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes."

Why this deliberate rain of apostrophes?

Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

Many Cargoes is a collection of sketches and stories, most of which, we think, we have met with before in the pages of Mr. Jerome's periodicals. Mr. Jacobs's topics are already familiar to the large public which likes to take its reading easily: his pages are filled with credulous skippers, despotic lady navigators, and grimy crews temporarily converted to a not wholly disinterested virtue; many of his plots are ingenious—not to say far-fetched—and a wild but consistent improbability distinguishes all. He has a genuine knowledge of the ways of seafaring men—their generosity and meanness, their mingled cunning and simplicity, and their childish delight in novelty and grotesqueness; but his best attempts are rather imperfect echoes of American humorists, and he writes too much on the lines of Sidney Smith's forgotten apothegm on the correlation of incongruity and

humour. His dialogue lacks vigour, and would be improved by condensation. The best story in the book—"In Borrowed Plumes"—only becomes laughable when it assumes the narrative form. *Many Cargoes*, like the periodicals from which it is compiled, is emphatically a book for a lengthy railway journey.

FOR HOLIDAY READING.

IN *The Black Tor* (Chambers) Mr. George Manville Fenn tells of the healing of a traditional feud between two English families in the days of the first Stuart. The two lads who represent the rival houses are capably drawn young Englishmen; and the accidents which turn the swords they have drawn upon each other against a common foe are related with an exact simplicity that fastens a hold upon the reader's attention; also there is a refreshing suggestion of humour in the atmosphere. The book is handsomely bound and well illustrated. *The Romance of Mary Sain*, by C. H. Cochran Patrick, is the mysterious tale of a charming governess written by one of her pupils. The publishers (J. S. Virtue) have turned it out very handsomely. A story to be recommended for girls were it not notorious that they prefer boys' books. In *Dominique's Vengeance* (T. Nelson) Mr. Everett-Green gives us a stirring tale of action in the "spacious days." Boys will read the story and enjoy it. The same author, in his *Young Pioneers* (T. Nelson), gives us a story of the New World while it was yet new, and while the noble Red-skin was still to be reckoned with. Two brothers are to the front in innumerable warlike ventures, which are told with spirit. The equipment of the volume does credit to the publishers. In *Left on the Prairie* Mr. M. B. Cox (Gardner, Darton) tells of a young lad's escape from a treacherous uncle and of his venturesome journey across the prairie to rejoin his parents. The incidents of his travel are told simply and graphically, and the illustrations by A. Pearce will interest young readers. *The Romance of Commerce*, by J. MacDonald Oxley (Chambers) is the successful realisation of a praiseworthy purpose. The stories of the Hudson Bay Company, of John Company, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a dozen others are well worth telling, and in these pages are told well. A capital book. In *The Next Crusade* (Hutchinson) Mr. Cromie wipes out the Unspeakable Turk very much to his own satisfaction and his readers'. Sea fight and land fight with all modern improvements are described in spirited style, and a strong thread of personal interest running through the book gives unity to the narrative. *Young Denys*, by Eleanor Price (Chambers), is the story of a youth who, in the early days of the century, is rapt from the seclusion of a bookseller's shop by the Press-gang to serve his king and country. The writer is principally concerned with the peaceful side of her hero's life, and introduces her readers to a typical group on each side of the Channel. A pleasant humour plays about her characters. *Why Not? or, Climbing*

the Ladder, by Grace Stebbing (Jarrold), is a pleasant story of a boy's plucky struggle against hard fortune, with success for its crown. It is brightly done, and we wish it success. There is nothing trite about Miss Stredder's *The Hermit Princess* (T. Nelson). Japan is the scene of a boy's adventures chronicled for boys' reading in clear good English, by one who possesses a quite surprising fund of special information. "*Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot?*" by A. M. J., with nine illustrations by the author (Fisher Unwin), is a pretty volume of famous children's tales done into a modern prose dress. A. M. J. has put a new strain of life into the "*Maiden-all-forlorn*" and many other old friends. *To Central Africa on an Iceberg*, by Charles Squire and Frank Maclean (Jarrold), being an account of a white bear's travels, is an extremely funny animal tale. Also it is cleverly illustrated.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THE Gift-book, in all its various kinds and costs, has now a foremost place in the minds of booksellers. The demand has of course only begun; but Christmas does not, like the spring, come *slowly* up this way. Rather it comes, like Mr. Tom Smith's Cracker King in the poster, at a gallop. It would be unsafe, therefore, to defer the subject to any later number of the ACADEMY. Indeed, a saunter round the groaning book tables of Messrs. John and Edward Bumpus's well-known establishment in Holborn proves that the Gift-book has come, like other gifts, in its season, and is already piping hot for the purchaser. In some special cases the purchaser is already too late. For if such a sumptuous work as, say, *The Art of William Morris*, by Aymer Vallance (George Bell & Sons), be considered as a Gift-book—and there are, happily, still munificent givers—then we have it from Messrs. Bumpus that the book is sold while yet unseen. Not a single copy of the 210 forming the edition will be offered for sale in a bookseller's shop. This book may be said to be born in the purple. *The Book of Beauty*, another imperial tome, is practically sold out. Messrs. Bumpus have, or had two hours ago, a copy for sale at £6 10s., an advance of thirty shillings on the published price. But the pride of the firm is in a huge, self-published drawing-room volume, entitled *The Scenery of Tennyson's Poems*, to which a number of young artists—mostly Scottish, we believe—have contributed etchings. It must be a pleasant variation of a bookseller's routine to father a book now and then, and there are few large booksellers who do not indulge themselves in a venture once a year. Thus Messrs. Cornish Brothers, of Birmingham, we notice, will publish in the course of a few days a handsome volume for Birmingham readers. This will be an illustrated *édition de luxe* of Mr. Alfred Hayes's poem, *The Vale of Arden*. The illustrations will be six photogravure plates from sepia drawings by Mr. Oliver Baker, who, in common with Mr. Hayes, is devoted to the

scenery of the Avon. The edition will be limited to seventy-five copies, of which the price to subscribers, before publication, will be two guineas net; after publication any remaining copies will be two and a half guineas net. The bookseller who works an enterprise of this kind with care is sure of a profit and not a little personal satisfaction. Messrs. Cornish Brothers, by the way, publish a winter catalogue of books, which is a model of neatness. They have done this regularly for some years, with the result that some of their customers make a point of adding to and preserving the set. There is shrewdness, therefore, in the quotation which this Midland firm print on the cover of their new issue: "A little library growing larger every year is an honourable part of a man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life." The opposite saying, "Give me the luxuries of life and I will do without its necessities," meets the case of the Gift-book. For what is more luxurious than to give books—except to have them given? And this is the month of the Gift-book. Men who "never open a book" buy books in December for other folks to open.

Talking of booksellers' own catalogues, we have received other good specimens this week. Mr. "Arthur Pendenys," of Hatchards, has long been showing what can be done in the way of attractive monthly catalogues and circulars. It is hardly too much to say that his monthly letter to Belinda has become a recognised literary organ. The "letter" indeed, is a witty piece of work, and the fun riots on through the catalogue that follows it. Thus Mr. "Pendenys" gives a list of books suitable for the reading of various social types. The list is mainly serious, but humour is confessed when we find the Squire recommended to buy *The Book of Beauty*, and the Sportswoman to buy *Gutter-Snipes*. The terrace-loving "M.P." is also confidently recommended *The Book of Beauty*, and with reason. The Doctor is slyly besought to read *Monologues of the Dead*. The Vicar's list includes *The Bishop's Amusement* and *The Dead Pulpit*. The Curate's, *Wilt Thou have this Woman?* while to the Platonic Friend is assigned the following delightful list of books likely to do him good: *An Impossible Person*, *The Greek View of Life*, *The Quest of the Golden Girl*, *The Book of Beauty*, and *Sentimental Tommy*. The Elderly Gentleman (Batchelor) may buy, at the suggestion of Mr. "Arthur Pendenys," *Twelve Bad Women*, *The Adventures of My Life*, *At Random*, and, of course (for Mr. Humphreys has hopes of him yet), *The Book of Beauty*. Why the Butler should be recommended to read *Running the Blockade* is beyond our comprehension. The Belinda letter is but a pendant to Messrs. Hatchards' catalogue proper, entitled "Books of To-day and the Books of To-morrow," which wears for its Christmas dress a cover that is fresh and winsome; at least the young lady is winsome, and you have divined that there is a young lady in it.

Messrs. Truslove & Hanson send us an admirable "Catalogue of New Books," a strong feature of which is its numerous

illustrations. A better guide for the Christmas book-buyer could not be named.

The harvest of gift-books is so plenteous that we must become abruptly tabular. In the following list will be found reports from leading booksellers in London, Oxford, Cambridge, Glasgow, Birmingham, Exeter, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Dublin upon Gift-books generally.

BOOK SALES.

The following tables show what Gift-books are now and are likely to be most in demand in various places.

GIFT-BOOKS.

LONDON (HOLBORN).

Marcus Stone, R.A.: His Life and Work. By A. Lys Baldry. £1 1s.
The Book of Beauty. £6 10s.
The Century of Louis XIV. By Emile Bourgeois. £2 12s. 6d.
Prehistoric Peeps. By E. T. Reed. 12s. 6d.
Life of Napoleon. By Prof. W. M. Sloane. 2 vols. published. 21s. each, net.
Life and Letters of John Constable. By C. R. Leslie, R.A. New illustrated edition. £3 2s.
London Pleasure Gardens of the Eighteenth Century. By Warwick Wroth. 15s.
The Castles of England. By Sir James D. Mackenzie. 2 vols. £3 3s. net.
Meissonier: His Life and Art. By Vallery C. O. Gréard. £1 10s. net.
The Scenery of Tennyson's Poems. With 40 etchings. £3 3s.

LONDON (LEICESTER SQUARE).

Meissonier: His Life and Art. By Vallery C. O. Gréard.
Queen Elizabeth. By Mandell Creighton. £2 8s. net.
The Castles of England. By Sir James D. Mackenzie. 2 vols. £3 3s. net.
Modern French Masters. By John C. Vandyke. £2 2s.

LONDON (OXFORD STREET AND MAYFAIR).

Meissonier: His Life and Art. By Vallery C. O. Gréard. £1 10s. net.
Amherst's History of Gardening in England. 18s. net.
Illustrated History of Furniture. By Litchfield. 25s. net.
Hampton Court: Holiday Memories. By W. H. Hutton. Illustrated by Herbert Railton. 10s. 6d.
Sheridan's School for Scandal, and Rivals. Illustrated by E. J. Sullivan. 6s.
Albert Moore: His Life and Works. By A. Lys Baldry. 21s. net.

CAMBRIDGE.

The Castles of England. By Sir James D. Mackenzie. 2 vols. £3 3s. net.
Modern French Masters. By John C. Vandyke. £2 2s.
Meissonier: His Life and Art. By Vallery C. O. Gréard. £1 10s. net.
Velasquez: A Study of his Life and Art. By Walter Armstrong. 9s. net.
Prehistoric Peeps. By E. T. Reed. 12s. 6d.
Robert Browning's Works. 2 vols. New India paper edition. 15s.
Westward Ho! By Kingsley. 2 vols. 21s.
Jean François Millet: His Life and Letters. By Julia Cartwright. 15s.
The Chase: A Poem. By W. Somerville. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 5s.

OXFORD.

Queen Elizabeth. By Mandell Creighton. £2 8s. net.
Westward Ho! By Kingsley. New illustrated edition. 2 vols. 21s.
Hampton Court: Holiday Memories. By W. H. Hutton. Illustrated by Herbert Railton. 10s. 6d.

LIVERPOOL.

The Castles of England. By Sir James D. Mackenzie. 2 vols. £3 3s. net.
The Century of Louis XIV. By Emile Bourgeois. £2 12s. 6d.
Meissonier: His Life and Art. By Vallery C. O. Gréard.
The Life and Letters of John Constable. By C. R. Leslie, R.A. £2 2s.

EXETER.

Queen Elizabeth. By Mandell Creighton. £2 8s. net.
The Chase: A Poem. By W. Somerville. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 5s.
Life in Ponds and Streams. By W. Farnaux. 12s. 6d.
Esmond. By Thackeray. New edition. Illustrated by T. H. Robinson. 6s.
Prehistoric Peeps. By E. T. Reed. 12s. 6d.
Soldier Stories. By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by A. S. Hartrick. 6s.

BIRMINGHAM.

Queen Elizabeth. By Mandell Creighton. £2 8s. net.
Ford Madox Brown: His Life and Works. By Ford M. Hueffer. £2 2s.
Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle. By Clement K. Shorter. 7s. 6d.
Running the Blockade. By Thomas E. Taylor. 7s. 6d.

GLASGOW.

The Alhambra. By Washington Irving. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell.
Sheridan's School for Scandal, and Rivals. Illustrated by E. J. Sullivan. 6s.
Esmond. By Thackeray. New edition. Illustrated by T. H. Robinson. 6s.
The Art Journal Volume, for 1896. £1 1s.
The Art Magazine Volume, for 1896. £1 1s.
Meissonier: His Life and Art. By Vallery C. O. Gréard. £1 10s. net.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. *Edition de luxe*. £1 5s.
Mr. Meredith's Works. New limited edition.

DUBLIN.

Life of Napoleon. By Prof. W. M. Sloane. 2 vols. published. 21s. each, net.
Queen Elizabeth. By Mandell Creighton. £2 8s. net.
Albert Moore: His Life and Times. By A. Lys Baldry. 21s. net.
Gutter-Snipes. By Phil May. 6s. net.
Prehistoric Peeps. By E. T. Reed. 12s. 6d.
Velasquez: A Study of his Life and Art. By Walter Armstrong. 9s. net.

In conclusion, it may be noted that the definition of a Gift-book which is implied in the above reports has greatly changed of late years. Not long ago it was a sound maxim never to look a Gift-book in the preface; in other words, never to apply to it the criticism which ordinary literature deserves. But to-day how different! The books which are bought to be given have serious qualities, and a Gift-book may be defined as a handsome and serious work published in the early days of winter. Apropos of this revolution, a large provincial firm of booksellers write to us: "The best book we have had for a long time is Bishop Creighton's 'Queen Elizabeth,' for this is not only an art book, but literature also. The old-fashioned drawing-room-table book is dead."

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1896.

No. 1283, New Series.

THE ACADEMY is published every Friday morning. Advertisements should reach the office not later than 4 p.m. on Thursday.

The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

MR. COVENTRY PATMORE came of Essex stock, and in the last century his family were silversmiths on Ludgate Hill. He himself had a great knowledge of precious stones, and he let it out in later years in a series of unsigned articles about them in the *St. James's Gazette*. But the literary bent in the family began before his own generation. Like Isaac D'Israeli, Peter Patmore "hated trades and traffics," even if he did not "write delightful sapphics"; and, like Benjamin Disraeli, Coventry Patmore, too, was born to the purple of literature. His father wrote two books, and had numbers of literary friends, who included Keats, Coleridge, Landor, and the Lambs; and it was to Peter Patmore, as his dearest friend, that Hazlitt addressed the letters which make up that sorry book the *Liber Amoris*. Both sons repaid their fathers the debt of that useful introduction to the literary life of the time. It was something to be the sons of D'Israeli and of Patmore the Elder. But now no longer are they the sons of their fathers. The fathers are the fathers of their sons.

A letter of introduction to Leigh Hunt led Coventry Patmore, still almost in boyhood, to take a walk from out beyond Hendon into Kensington. There, with his heart in his mouth, he waited—and waited. A couple of hours passed; and gone, too, were the dreams of the boy, a boy of eager temperament and also of a quick impatience. Then Leigh Hunt sauntered in, attired in a silken dressing-gown, and purring with satisfaction. "What a beautiful world it is, Mr. Patmore," he said to his visitor; but his visitor was incredulous. Later, however, Leigh Hunt made full amends for that dilatory reception. This was when he read in proof one of Coventry Patmore's early poems. Early as it was, it had the undoubted stamp; and Leigh Hunt, exacting though he declared himself as to quality in poetry, at once conceded his admiration. There were no "ifs" and "buts" to condition the praise he wrote to the elder Patmore. These were among the boy's verses that he read:

"The sheep-bell tolleth curfew-time;
The gnats, a busy rout,
Fleck the warm air; the dismal owl
Shouteth a sleepy shout;
The voiceless bat, more felt than seen,
Is flitting round about.

"The aspen leaflets scarcely stir;
The river seems to think;
Athwart the dusk, broad primroses
Look coldly from the brink,
Where, listening to the freshet's noise,
The quiet cattle drink.

"The bees boom past; the white moths rise
Like spirits from the ground;
The grey flies hum their weary tune,
A distant, dream-like sound;
And far, far off, to the slumb'rous eve,
Bayeth an old guardhound."

The first volume of poems was published in 1844. He was then twenty-one, and the poet had come of age as well as the man. In 1846 he went into the British Museum as an assistant librarian, and in the following year he married Emily Andrews, daughter of a Congregational Doctor of Divinity.

Pre-Raphaelitism was in the air, and young Patmore was the friend of Millais, of Ruskin, of Rossetti. Not unnaturally, therefore, he made his appearance in the very first number of *The Germ*. On p. 19 the perfect little poem called "The Seasons" is his, though it there appears unsigned, as does one of Christina Rossetti's on the next page, and one of Dante Rossetti's on the page after that.

"THE SEASONS.

"The crocus in the shrewd March morn,
Thrusts up his saffron spear;
And April dots the sombre thorn
With gems, and loveliest cheer.

"Then sleep the seasons, full of night;
While slowly swells the pod,
And rounds the peach, and in the night
The mushroom bursts the sod.

"The winter comes: the frozen rut
Is bound with silver bars;
The white drift heaps against the hut;
And night is pierced with stars."

But these were mere preludes. Only one theme was really his—the theme of love. And he got to work on it early. He was only twenty-four when he married Emily Andrews, in many ways a remarkable woman. It is known that she was beautiful; though the expressionless portrait by Millais which remains to us may fail to convey the charm. But her mental sympathies were quick and right, and she was the admired friend of the men of that day whose names on our lips and our fathers' lips have been the most sweet. The Tennysons and the Patmores saw much of each other in those years—time brought no quarrel indeed, but those gradual estrangements at which gods must weep. Once, when Sidney Dobell, in his youngest days of achievement, called at the home of the Patmores out by Hendon, he dashed into talk upon all things on earth and above the earth to the little group gathered round Mrs. Patmore's tea-table. But when, after a while, he was introduced to Browning, Tennyson, and Ruskin, a great silence fell upon him. Now one thinks of the author of the *Sonnets in Wartime* as a fitting fifth in that group of great men. That home became peopled with sons and daughters—six in all—as the years went on; and the little income which Patmore drew from his country as a member of the British Museum staff was increased by his

earnings as essayist and critic, as it was later to be by the patrimony that came to him on his devoted father's death in 1855. And yet he was not content. Something was wanting. It was a want he shared in common with the world—a real love-poem. He was tired of the old affectations, of the vulgarity which bred contempt for familiar things. Even Byron knew better than that. Familiarity breeds contempt—"in the contemptible," he added; and for once we are with him in a sneer. "Call nothing common or unclean"—that was the message which Patmore had the boldness to take into his blood as poet and as man. And what he did, he did defiantly. It should be a deanery—while he was about it—that should bring forth his heroine. British respectability in its typical stronghold, even that should be capable of the illumination of love. So, in the intervals of British Museum work, he wrote *The Angel in the House*. Already *Tamerton Church Tower*, a volume which contained in improved form some of the verses of the 1844 volume, had caught the public ear; and when, bit by bit, the new poem appeared—*The Betrothal* in 1854, *The Espousal* in 1856, *Faithful for Ever* in 1860, and finally *The Victories of Love*—there was a sudden success for it which might or might not be agreeable to the author. A poet does not rank his readers by their number, but by their intelligence; and while the story, the workmanship, and the obvious sentiment, could be appreciated by the million, the soul of the book had perhaps to wait longer for its recognition. Not that the *Angel* had even then a trivially popular success. It was a book greatly beloved. Tennyson, not profuse of recognitions to his contemporaries, ranked it high in our short list of "great poems." Carlyle, spurner of poetry, strange to say carried this poem with him on a holiday as a true companion. No wonder that Ruskin said he wished English girls had those lovely lines all by heart, if not all by lip. "You cannot read him," he says, in *Sesame and Lilies*, "too often or too carefully. As far as I know, he is the only living poet who always strengthens and purifies"; and it is from *The Angel*, also, that Ruskin takes an instance of love at its highest—as it may exist in the disciplined spirit of a perfect human creature—as the purifying passion of the soul. There, any way, you had the heart of the matter; and the poet must have felt that some at least of his arrows of song had gone right to the mark. Hawthorne and Emerson sent similar reports from America, where the poem had immediate vogue, and has had sales to outnumber the more than 100,000 copies which England has absorbed. But perhaps the author was moved most of all when, after a lapse of many years, he found that more and more, among rare spirits of a younger generation, was his leadership acknowledged. There were still the indifferent—and, seeing what the world is, that needs must be. There might, no doubt, be persons to whom "the florin to the willing guard" on the honeymoon journey remained a hoarded wealth of merriment, though the precedents for an answering literalness were thick about them. But out of quarters the most unexpected

came the word that acknowledged his mission; and, to take only one instance, the appreciation published in the *National Observer*, under the editorship of Mr. W. E. Henley, in July, 1891, proved that he had had a part—one hesitates to say how vital a part—in the moulding, not of minds only, but of souls. Such a heart-speaking-to-heart recognition was the only one worthy of his immortal aim. It moved him, where all formal admission of *The Angel in the House* to the ranks of an English classic, made at his death in the *Times*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and all the rest of the press, would have moved him not.

The death of Emily Patmore took place in 1862. She lies in the cemetery at Hendon, close to where Woolner, who loved her much, was long after laid to rest. Nor did the pen, by which she lives for ever, pause then from its task. In *The Unknown Eros* Emily Patmore was followed into another world by the flights of a master of spiritual imagination. To compare him with others were vain; for in that department he is alone among all who have gone before him. Such poems as *Departure*, *If I were Dead*, *A Farewell*, and *Eurydice*, are less read than felt. "Emotion is here," as the *National Observer* wrote, "and in shocks and throes, never frantic when almost intolerable. It is mortal pathos. If any other poet has filled a draught so unallayed, we do not know it. Love and sorrow are pure in *The Unknown Eros*; and its author has not refused even the cup of terror." Such words are not to be withheld even from those of the odes as are least originally conceived—as, for instance, *The Toys*, which first appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Mr. Greenwood's editing, with only the initials of the author, who, however, could not be veiled. Those lines cannot be too familiar:

"THE TOYS.

"My little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quite grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkind's—
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle of bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there
With careful art
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly, not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the
clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say:
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'"

As essayist and aphorist Coventry Patmore did work which stretched over a far longer period than that of his poetical production. In *The Germ* in 1850 appeared an essay on "Macbeth," marked by original thought, which he had written while in his teens; and various essays of earlier life were republished by him, together with new ones, in his *Principle in Art* and his *Religio Poete*, at the end of his life; while *Root*, *Root and Flower*, aphorisms containing his inner thoughts on religion, were published during the last two years. They show him as the mystic he was, and yet, with all his mysticism—a mysticism which pervaded his life, and pervaded his monumental friendship—how practical was he as a man, how alert in observation of the world, and how hidden at times behind a mask of irony, even cynicism! Wayward all men are, but a man of genius is most so of all; and it needs something of his own temperament in the onlooker to really reconcile the poet and the man. Yet in him, to seeing eyes, that reconciliation was complete. "All the eagle" was in harmony with "all the dove," in him who had gauged and sounded all "the heights and depths of love." He had not an affectation about him. A constant meditator on works of fathers, and doctors, and poets, he yet read current fiction with zest; greatly pleased by some of it, and very tolerant of most of it, so long only as it did not profane love, nor sever soul from body or body from soul—the sacrilege. Though Justin McCarthy, not knowing, places on the table of one of his characters *The Angel in the House* and the *Proverbial Philosophy* together, the poet said he had read the novel twice with pleasure; and Mr. Stevenson's far different allusion to him in *The Dynamiters* gave him as much pleasure as such things could, coming from an author he much admired. Some of the works of Mr. George Meredith he had recently re-read; and he, who had sung and loved womanhood as none but he could, knew when he was face to face with a veritable creator of women. His method of acknowledging that mastery was characteristic. "I should think myself a coward to know women like that," he said, with the twinkle in his eye which was needed, on many an occasion, to interpret him. Happily, in the portrait painted by his friend, Mr. Sargent, A.R.A., that twinkle has been passed on to posterity; nor, in the memory of those who saw it, can it ever cease to shine.

There seem no worthy words in which to bid farewell to Coventry Patmore. The poet at least is immortal—there is no talk of parting with him. And where the man was so at one with the poet, his lovers can hardly feel far divided. To him the unseen world was as near as ours—nearer it sometimes seemed. He lived in it in imagination, and the imagination of such a poet is more real than the seeing and the hearing of common eyes and ears. He it was who even here, traversed in his *Tristitia*,

"The mild borders of the banished world
Wherein they dwell;
Who builded not unalterable fate
On pride, fraud, envy, cruel lust, or hate;
Yet loved too laxly sweetness and hearts'
ease,

And strove the creature more than God to
please—
For such as these
Loss without measure, sadness without end!

Though black, when seann'd from Heaven's
surpassing bright,
This might mean light
Foil'd with the dim rays of mortality.
For God is everywhere.
Go down to deepest Hell, and He is there,
And, as a true but quite estranged Friend,
He works . . .
With love deep hidden lest it be blasphemed,
If possible, to blend
Ease with the pangs of its inveterate fire.

Apart from these,
Near the sky-borders of that banish'd world,
Wander pale spirits among willow'd leas,
Lost beyond measure, sadden'd without end,
But since, while erring most, retaining yet
Some ineffectual fervour of regret,
Retaining still such weal
As spurned lovers feel,
Preferring far to all the world's delight
Their loss so infinite,
Or Poets, when they mark
In the clouds dun
A loitering flush of the long sunken sun,
And turn away with tears into the dark."

He it was, too, who stood even on earth
"a beggar at the porch of the glad palace
of virginity," and looked within and saw,
and called on others to see. It is but one
step to pass within, and they who stand
alone in the porch now are scarce parted
from him who, almost alone, sings no new
song, but still the old, in that *Con meum et
caro mea* round the "I am," the "Husband
of the Heavens and the Lamb":

"Gaze without doubt or fear.

Ye to whom generous Love, by any name, is
dear.
Love makes the life to be
A fount perpetual of virginity;
For, lo! the elect
Of generous Love, how named soc'er, affect
Nothing but God,
The Husband of the Heavens:
And who Him love, in potency great or small,
Are, one and all,
Heirs of the Palace glad,
And inly clad
With the bridal robes of ardour virginal."

W. M.

MATHILDE BLIND.

By the death of Miss Mathilde Blind contemporary literature has suffered a loss. Miss Blind hoped for longer life, not so much from any personal satisfaction that she expected to gain from it, but because of what she hoped to accomplish, both in prose and verse. She had ambitious dreams. In verse her mastery of technique had become more and more notable in each book she produced; and she believed that at last she was in a position to write, if not an epic, at least an epical poem that would live. During the time she was engaged upon *The Ascent of Man* she hoped that therein she had at last "arrived." When, later, she recognised that she had subordinated organic unity to arbitrary selection, she took the reluctantly learned lesson to heart, and began to dream anew of a more potent, a more durable, effort at expression of the human tragedy. In prose she meant, in

particular, to accomplish two projects: to narrate her reminiscences of the men and women of her time who were in any degree motive forces, and to concentrate in one work of fiction her knowledge of and ideas upon contemporary life and upon the evolution of contemporary thought. It is many years ago now since she first spoke to the present writer concerning this ambition. A year ago she alluded to it as one of the impossible dreams which refused to desert her, "though the dream knows quite well that it is a smiling fraud." By last spring she had relinquished all hopes of the fulfilment of any projects of the kind; and when I saw her last, four days before her death, she said plainly that the time for hoping anything was over.

It is difficult to realise that her strenuous, eager, ardent brain is now quiescent: scarcely can one, having known her, fail to wonder if she, with her imperative questioning of every real or imaginary obstacle, has accepted in silence the one riddle that cannot be answered.

Miss Mathilde Blind, who died in London on November 26, the evening of the same day on which Coventry Patmore passed away, was not English by birth or parentage, though English in all else. Nothing ever so disconcerted or even offended her as the imputation that she spoke or wrote English marvellously well for a German. Though an accomplished linguist, she never availed herself of her native language, either with the tongue or the pen, when she could possibly avoid doing so. She rarely alluded to the tragedy which clouded her early years, and to few vouchsafed more than the fact that Blind was not her own name, but was adopted when, while she was still a child, her widowed mother married Mr. Karl Blind. Miss Blind's girlhood was spent mainly in England, and in circumstances which materially fostered her intellectual development. The first revolutionising influence in her life was her friendship with Mazzini: her own first literary influence upon her contemporaries, her translation of Strauss' *Life of Christ*. The Italian idealist and democrat, the German iconoclast and materialist, these were her literary "forebears." Inevitably her favourite English authors, and those who influenced her most, were Shelley and Byron. Of all the men of our time she held Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne to be incomparably the greatest. Little more than a week ago I heard her repudiate emphatically the claim made by an eminent critic on behalf of William Morris—who, as a poet, she declared, was not to be compared with Tennyson, Rossetti, or Swinburne.

Of her own original writings, apart from her admirable critical monographs on George Eliot and Mme. Roland, the most widely known are her romance *Tarantella*, and her crofter-poem *The Heather on Fire*. Her most ambitious work, *The Ascent of Man*, noble and beautiful as it is in parts, is too loosely apprehended as a whole, and too unequally wrought, to rank as a masterpiece. Her finest poetry is to be sought in some of the lyrics and sonnets comprised in the series of volumes which began with *The Prophecy of St. Oran*

and ended with *Birds of Passage*. As a critic she was sympathetic, swift in discernment, and scrupulously heedful. Probably her best accomplishment, in this respect, is her admirable introduction to her translation of the Journals of Marie Bashkirtseff.

Mathilde Blind, who died at the age of fifty-four, was cremated at Woking on Tuesday last: and the large assemblage of friends and admirers who gathered to hear Mr. Moncure Conway's funeral oration, or attended the last rites at the Crematorium, witnessed to that personal hold which, from her earliest days, the poet and true woman who has now gone from us exercised upon so many of her contemporaries.

W. S.

THE GOING OF MRS. GRANDISON.

MR. MEREDITH's amendments of *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* in the new edition have already been glanced at in these columns. Briefly speaking, a third of the pages go unmarked; another third have corrections that deal with a letter here and a word there; and the last third have omissions and changes that we illustrated by a specimen half page cancelled and replaced by a couple of lines. That half page would have been an altogether excessive illustration of such cancellings but for one long omission—the omission of over eight pages, containing an episode that was in the book originally, rather than of it. And, in point of space at any rate, this omission demands a special mention of its own.

Mrs. Grandison and the nineteenth chapter of *Richard Feverel* have passed together. That excellent lady had stood clad, as it were, in the multitudinous epigrams of her chapter. Bathsheba, in Mr. Hardy's romance, was not set about with brighter sabre-cuts when Serjeant Troy outlined her figure with the "cut one," "cut two," "cut three," and onwards, of his expert arm. The flashes of Mr. Meredith's phrases frame her, design her, fly intricately, fly far, making her distinct; the chapter has the whizz of them. Though all description is done by words, the impression left by some descriptions is one of silence; you are made to see and know rather than to hear. But the definitions of Mrs. Caroline Grandison have the sound of the sentences, and these the sound of the very briskest movement. If we do not think of steel, we think of a volley of musketry—arms, at all events. For Mr. Meredith made a guerilla war upon Mrs. Grandison from the beginning of her chapter to the end. A guerilla war; for Mr. Meredith did not give her a pitched battle—there was no campaign. She had but one chapter, and this disconnexion with the structure of *Richard Feverel* was doubtless one of the reasons why she was lopped off from the new and final edition. But, besides this, a reader may guess that the author of *The Egoist* did not think the epigrams on Mrs. Grandison to be of his own highest quality. There is one phrase, indeed, that is of the most whimsical and mischievous spirit of fine comedy—a phrase that is famous in the memories of Meredithians; we mean, of course, that in which

the husband of Mrs. Grandison "lost heart . . . and surrendered his mind to more frivolous pursuits." Let the reader refer to the context, for the fantastic comic elf lurks there, and is not to be haled out for quotation.

Otherwise it is not to the Grandisonian inspiration that any among Mr. Meredith's best things are due. This is the lady of whom it is said that "she considered the urgent claims of her black fellow-creatures," and required "the stalwart services of her white"; that "woolly negroes blest her name, and whiskered John-Thomases deplored her weight." "In her presence the elect had to feel how very much virtue is its own reward; for, if they did not rightly esteem the honour she did them, they had little further encouragement from Mrs. Caroline Grandison." Her elder daughters had "wished to marry young gentlemen of their own choosing. . . . If they rebelled . . . Mrs. Caroline Grandison declared that they were ill, and called in Dr. Bairam to prescribe, who soon reduced them." This is the lady who, when she heard of Sir Austin Feverel's system, "rose from her couch and called for her carriage, determined to follow him up and come to terms with him." "Sir Austin and Mrs. Caroline discovered that they had in common from an early period looked on life as a science." She "gave him a clearer idea of his system than he had ever had before. . . . When he plodded and hesitated on his conception, she, at a word, struck boldly into black and white, making him fidget for his note-book, to reverse a sentence or two on Woman." To her youngest daughter, Carola, who received his courtesies "with the stolidity of a naughty doll," Sir Austin was much inclined to apply the tests and measurements that might prove her in time a wife for the Son of his System. The pale daughters of her system are made to perform for him in their gymnasium, and pull at their leather straps for developing the lungs, for exercising the liver, for strengthening the wrist, "like mariners oaring in the deep sea; oaring to a haven they have no faith in." The baronet "was too much wrapped up in the enlightenment of her principle to notice the despondency of their countenances." But while Sir Austin is looking at the callow Carola, Richard has met Lucy "under the consulting stars," and, "trembling and with tears, has taken from her lips the first ripe fruit of love, and pledged himself hers." This is the only serious and tender passage—an interpolation—in the now cancelled chapter. The going of Mrs. Grandison leaves *Richard Feverel* undeprived of anything structural, important, or of the author's absolute best.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

IV.—TOM HOOD.

HOOD is one of the darlings of the lover of letters. First, for lovable-ness, will come Lamb—always. After Lamb there is not too numerous a company, but Tom Hood is of it. Some place Sir Thomas Browne there, though he is a thought too austere. Most would include Walton and Goldsmith, and many Cowper;

latterly William Barnes and Dr. Holmes and Louis Stevenson have joined the slender ranks. Crabbe might count too, in spite of a certain hardness—Edward Fitzgerald, at any rate, thought so—and perhaps Washington Irving. Among living writers Mr. Dobson stands first for promotion—Mr. Dobson, whose own darlings, as he has told us, are Montaigne and Howell and Horace and Molière and Burton and Rabelais: one or two of them, however, a shade too great to be quite of the brotherhood as we understand it. For the equipment is not great—so much as humaneness—the genial soul shining between the lines.

Hood's life was one persistent struggle against poverty and ill-health. His body was of the frailest, yet he never remitted his efforts and never complained. As a humourist he was critical rather than constructive, and his jests were mainly verbal; yet what effervescing fun! He squandered his high spirits, pouring out all that was in him with splendid generosity. The felicity of some of his comic turns and somersaults is never likely to be equalled, for his fancy was as nimble and graceful as a squirrel. Dr. Johnson, reading the ballad of "Faithless Sally Brown," would have withdrawn his remark that a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. Indeed, if the italicised enormities of the pantomime and the comic paper are rightly named puns, we must find a new word for Hood's exquisite vagaries. The pun in his hands had a life apart, a separate, unblushing existence. Another claim to a high place is his mastery of grotesque and the bizarre. His "Ode to Rae Wilson, Esq.," stands alone as a texture of tenderness and irony woven by a man wealthy with a profusion both of sympathy and wit; and "Miss Kilmansegg" probably has never yet had her dues, even from the McKinleyites.

Yet not for his puns nor his irony is Tom Hood numbered with the lovable ones of literature, but for his lyrical gift. This unresting, over-weary journalist has left a handful of lyrics that still are, and ever will be, fresh as the morning flowers. He had the precious gift of tenderness: he suffered and he held out his hand to sufferers. The three poems by which Hood is represented in Mr. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* could be as ill spared as many in that matchless collection, and others that are not there printed are as winning: "Twas in the time of roses" still makes its own appeal, and will do so. To the mass he is known best as the author of "The Song of the Shirt." "He sang 'The Song of the Shirt,'" says his epitaph in Kensal Green, and few men have had a finer. Any one nowadays may take the part of the starving seamstress and be more or less in the fashion, but when Hood uttered that plea he ran grave risks of alienating his readers. No man knew better than he how nearly allied are laughter and tears. Hence his loveliness.

THE series of portraits which form our supplements week by week are reproduced from photographs taken at the National Portrait Gallery by Messrs. Walker & Boutall. The blocks also are made by this firm.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE most important publication of the week here is undoubtedly Taine's *Carnets de Voyage*. A Frenchman's impressions of his own country through three separate voyages—north, south, east, and west—are more interesting even to the foreign reader than those of the liveliest traveller over seas whose notebook is filled to overflowing with superficial observations. These *carnets* were written while the eminent writer was inspector of the Military School of Saint Cyr, during the years between 1863 and 1866. The first part is particularly charming. Take, for instance, this bit of vivid and delicate portraiture of the Breton type of woman:

"Nothing in the way of regular beauty, of health or fine growth; something slender, ailing, pallid, a little crushed. But with many of the young girls this produces admirable expression. Perfect maidenhood both of the senses and the soul, an exquisite sensibility, a charming delicacy ready to suffer by its excess, a strange suavity. One is reminded of the Indian saying, 'Do not strike a woman, even with a flower.' Beauty lies within, the soul seems compressed, resigned, quite frail, of an infinite sweetness."

The book differs from other books of travel chiefly in method. It is not anecdotal, nor is it an account of personal adventures. It is pure impressionism. We are shown a landscape, a town, a province, as Taine saw them in three separate voyages. When he reaches Provence, land of subtle captivation and intoxicating charm, the cold spectator follows the example of Nature, and steepens his pen in colour. Who would think the unimpassioned Taine could write thus before the Mediterranean with its cup-like circle of resplendent mountains:

"An immense lake, radiant, peaceful, whose gleaming colour has the delicacy of the most charming violet or a full-blown periwinkle. Layers of hill-sides seemingly covered with heavenly glory, so spread with light are they, so completely does this light, imprisoned by air and distance, seem their natural clothing. The richest ornaments of a hothouse, the mother-of-pearl of the orchid, the pale velvet that edges the butterfly's wing, is not softer or more splendid. One must turn to the loveliest works of luxury and nature to find comparisons—silken skirts shedding light, embroideries on a ground of water-silk, pink and breathing flesh throbbing beneath a veil; and as for the flaming sun that pours from its stirless torch a river of gold upon the sea, nothing in the world can give an idea of it or furnish an image of it."

The best chapters of the book are those upon Provence and Brittany.

Anecdotes are rare, which accounts for the monotony of the second half. Here is one. A guest and his host, out shooting, found themselves by mistake on the lands of a certain viscountess. A gamekeeper stops them, and they aver that they were not shooting. They are taken to the viscountess, and explain the case. "Twenty francs to pay each," says the viscountess, holding out her hand for the money. The civilisation that produced the Gothic Taine describes as

"a violent and powerful dream, sometimes delicate, often sublime, but a sick man's dream."

M. Edouard Rod's new story, *L'Innocente*, maintains the intellectual level of his best work of the kind. In M. Rod's deeply pondered work one always expects a remarkable analysis of moral suffering, for which the author shows a rare sensibility and a sympathy that perhaps may be accused of some tendency to morbidness. He seems by nature incapable of understanding the human soul except in the throes of pain, in the solitude of persecution and misconception. But it is something to understand it in these circumstances as well as he does. *L'Innocente* should be purchased *en bloc* by a society for the suppression of afternoon tea scandal and the propagation of charity in provincial towns. It is an impressive and tragic tale of unmerited slander leading through provincial martyrdom to death.

At last M. Zola is content. Hitherto he has been regarded as a sane workman without any nerves. He has had himself diagnosed, mentally, morally, and physically, and although the general conclusion is emphatically the reverse of his own, he is rubbing his hands delightedly, and calling public attention to the fact that, by a converse method of demonstration, Dr. Toulouse has proved he is quite as mad as any other genius. Extremes meet, and excess in order may now be accepted, in the person of M. Zola, as a proof of madness no less conclusive than excess in disorder. It is absurd for an illustrious writer to possess the virtues of a respectable notary, you see, hence the eccentricity of M. Zola; and to be eccentric is clearly to be a genius and to possess nerves—so behold him satisfied!

M. Jean Lahor furnishes this week a prose contribution to the pessimistic literature of the day. Pessimism is best taken in little doses: M. Lahor offers too large a draught. *La Gloire du Néant* is melancholy reading, the meditations of a morbid and subjective nature. Here and there a fine phrase gleams in these gloomy pages: "Live with all thy force, suffer and weep, bleed if necessary, but *live* and be great." Along with alcohol and opium, he counts art, poetry (himself a distinguished poet), music, and love as intoxicants, and finely speaks of reverie as a wine. Woman he names "a magnificent void." That's the worst of pessimism, it lays to the charge of unfortunate woman all its own black humours. M. Lahor's last word is better than his first:

"What do I know but that there are virtues and beauties to love, suffering to relieve, ills to cure, illusions to worship, and radiant pictures of sky and earth, magic dawns and fairy sunsets. . . . Kind and holy creatures, and at times divine joys mingled with human miseries."

A Minister's first novel is naturally read with curiosity. From M. Emile Ollivier, of Empire renown, something piquant in the announcement of his *Marie-Magdeleine* was expected. In a very different way the world depicted in this insipid romance is as unreal as Disraeli's, but, instead of Disraeli's epigrams and cynicism, M. Ollivier indulges in swollen eloquence, second-rate art criticism, and an amateur's ideal of fiction.

H. L.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE wish to draw attention to the following facts. Last Monday we received a letter from a correspondent asking us to look at an enclosed circular, and remarking that he was, as an old subscriber to the ACADEMY, astounded at receiving it, "as it distinctly implies that the paper will cease." "It seems to me," he added, "that such a circular will do your new management much harm if not checked." The circular in question, which emanates from Oxford, asks for co-operation in a scheme for the practical appreciation of the services of the late editor of the ACADEMY, a movement in which the present editor and staff heartily concur; but to the wording of the circular we have decided objection. In the sixth line the reader is told of the great blow to research which the ACADEMY's "cessation cannot fail to be." So far from any cessation, the ACADEMY is at this moment more vigorous and sound than ever it was, and, in a protest unmistakably framed, we informed the signatories of the circular of this fact. They replied to the effect that we seemed to have misunderstood the purport of the word "cessation," but the clause in which it occurred should be omitted. They forget, however, that the circular in its original form has been widely circulated to our detriment. We cannot let the matter rest where it now stands. As for the gratuitous disparagement of this journal, which informs the entire circular, we defer comment on this to a later stage.

DR. CONAN DOYLE said some timely words in his speech for Literature at the dinner to Sir Edward J. Poynter, the new P.R.A. "Certainly," said the author of *Micah Clarke*, by way of a beginning, "if to be prolific was a sign of prosperity, literature should be more prosperous than ever. The profession of letters was full and overflowing, and he only knew one place left in it where there was plenty of room. That was at the top. There there was all the room between one's head and the stars. But down below—where he was—he assured them that the pressure was considerable." His readers, however, are not likely to place Dr. Conan Doyle quite so low as his own modesty would direct.

CONTINUING, he said: "Neither novelist nor poet could complain of neglect, but it was when they came to the more solid forms of literature that there was room, he thought, for that prosperity to which they had drunk. It was not that the writers had degenerated. It would be absurd to say so, when within the last few weeks they had seen the completion of perhaps the greatest philosophic work in our literature. But the reader had become demoralised. He was not quite so gentle as he was. The morning paper, the evening paper, the weeklies, the monthlies, had all come between him and the big books. We inclined to get our knowledge in scraps and in snippets. We preferred short cuts to the open road." A remedy is suggested by Dr. Conan Doyle: "It might be no bad thing," he said "for a man now and again

to make a literary retreat, as pious men make a spiritual one; to forswear absolutely for a month in the year all ephemeral literature, and to bring an untarnished mind to the reading of the classics of our language."

Two—and probably more—memorials are at this moment afoot. The Rev. Robert Thompson writes from Longcott Vicarage, Faringdon, Berkshire, asking for assistance in placing some memorial of the late Judge Hughes, author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, in his church. Judge Hughes was associated with the parish for some forty years, during the time that his brother was vicar, and he often read the lessons. Mr. Thompson suggests that the memorial should take the form of new nave seats.

THE other appeal will interest a greater number of persons. Briefly, the object is to insert a window in honour of Oliver Goldsmith in the church of the parish in which he was born; opinion differs as to the precise spot, but Forgney (or Ferney) Church, Mullingar, has been chosen by those competent to decide. Subscriptions may be paid either to Prof. J. W. Hales, 1, Oppidans-road, London, N.W.; or to the Rev. J. H. Rice, Forgney Rectory, Mullingar. Any surplus will be handed to the rector of St. Saviour's, Southwark, towards the Goldsmith window that is to be inserted in that church.

"BOOKBUYER" sends us the following letter: "Elegance of printing is very pleasant to the bookbuyer, but surely accuracy must always be the first desideratum. Subscribers to the new edition of George Meredith have some reason to complain of the misprints in the two 'Feverel' volumes. Here are some of them: '*Adrain*,' '*Fill you glass*,' '*surprise*,' '*prophecied*,' '*wordly*.' Such errors as these are totally inexcusable in so large and clear a type; and it is not creditable to the printers that this expensive edition should be less accurately printed than the cheap edition. Is it possible that Messrs. T. & A. Constable are undertaking too much work? Their reprint of *Sartor Resartus* in Messrs Chapman & Hall's *Centenary Carlyle* gives us '*Diety*' for '*Deity*,' '*place of wages*' for '*place and wages*,' '*leader and lead*' for '*leader and led*,' '*per-sume*' for '*presume*,' &c. It is to be hoped that the proofs of future volumes of both the Meredith and the Carlyle will be read with more care." We submitted this letter to Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co., the publishers of the new Meredith, who reply: "In extenuation of Messrs. T. & A. Constable, we may say that they had to set and print the two volumes in less than a month, and were very short of certain sorts of type."

THE Royal Academy authorities ask the owners of pictures by the late Lord Leighton who have not yet been applied to for the loan of them, but would be willing to lend them for the winter exhibition, kindly to communicate with the secretary. Meanwhile, it is announced that an exhibition of Lord Leighton's studies and sketches will be

held synchronically at the Fine Art Society's Galleries.

IF the information which has just come to hand is accurate, the nation may not, after all, have lost the late Lord Leighton's house. Mrs. Russell Barrington states that the sisters of the late President are prepared to offer the house as a gift to the nation, subject to certain conditions relative to its maintenance and the preservation of the Arab Hall. Anyone wishing to contribute to a fund for purchasing some of Lord Leighton's sketches, for perpetual exhibition in the house, are asked to communicate with Mrs. Barrington, 4, Melbury-road, Kensington.

THE Christmas numbers are now falling as thickly as the snow which they anticipate. Our table is covered with these long rolls, the advance-guard of the festive season. The *Graphic*, with a reproduction of the late Lord Leighton's "*Flaming June*"—a curious but not unwelcome Christmas choice—and stories by some of the best known and best esteemed writers; the *Illustrated London News*, with more stories by eminent hands; the *Queen*; the *World*; *Vanity Fair*; *Pearson's Weekly*; *Pears' Annual*; the *Sketch*—all these and more we have received.

THE next election of a French Academician will take place on December 10, and there is considerable conjecture as to the elections. It is almost certain that M. Vaudal, the historian, will replace Léon Say. M. André Meuriel is expected to be the one selected candidate. As it is usual for the Academy to allow six months to elapse before filling up the chair of a deceased member, no elections to replace Jules Simon and Challemel-Lacour will take place at present. Probably M. Hanotaux, who obtained this year the Gobet prize for his history of Cardinal Richelieu, will replace the latter.

M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY is about to commence an action against M. Marinoni, manager of the *Petit Journal*, for summary dismissal. No reason for dispensing with the services of M. Sarcey was given, nor any notice, and on public grounds that journalist has decided to take some action. He declares he has an established reputation and sufficient means to make this summary dismissal of no particular consequence; but as it might have fallen upon a penniless journalist he thinks that an attempt should be made to see whether the law does not compel compensation in these cases.

News from Paris includes the announcement that M. Got's memoirs are almost ready for publication. They will appear under the title *Journal d'un Comédien*.

IF Lord Bacon took all knowledge for his province, the *Daily Mail* may be said to take all provinces into its knowledge. It sent Mr. Gilbert Burgess to describe Germany in daily letters, it sent Mr. Calderon to

make friends with the Russians, it gave Mr. G. W. Steevens a unique opportunity, which he took, of gaining reputation in "the States"; and now for our winter delight the *Daily Mail* is despatching two lucky journalists to lands where they will be able to write of a shining sun and get "zephyr" into their vocabularies. They are Mr. Mayson Beeton, who is to go through the whole of the West Indies, and Mr. Louis F. Austin, who is under peremptory orders to go and bask on the Riviera. A paper which plans remunerative idleness for the journalist is near to true greatness.

A WRITER in *The Author* recommends the serial publication of works other than fiction in the magazines. In America, as he points out, history and biography and travel are to be found month by month. Such publication, he remarks, might enormously increase the popularity of the magazine and the influence of the book. Imagine, he adds, Seeley's *Expansion of England* run through the *Nineteenth Century*! Sir Walter Besant's "History of Westminster" was published, it will be remembered, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*; but English magazine editors cannot afford to do what their American brothers can.

IN the New York *Critic* Mr. Andrew Lang once more speaks his mind concerning the practices of a certain American publisher of *belles-lettres*—Mr. Thomas B. Mosher. Mr. Lang's first cause of complaint was the pirated edition of his *Aucassin and Nicolette*. Now he has to protest against Mr. Mosher's threatened reprint of his *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France*. English authors in similar plight may very confidently leave their interests in Mr. Lang's hands, for he states the case with a force and directness to which readers of *belles-lettres* are not excessively accustomed. Leaving Mr. Mosher on one side, Mr. Lang takes the course of warning American purchasers of the pirated work that they will get nothing of value, since all that the poet wishes to retain of that early book is to be found in later and more accessible collections of his verse. The buyer, he says finally, "will get (in addition to what is already accessible) a few trifles which even the author thinks worthless. He will also procure a few irregularities in sonnets, made regular in later editions. Much good may they do him!"

SOME recollections of the late Christina Rossetti, by Miss Grace Gilchrist, printed in the December *Good Words*, may be taken by way of prelude to the biography of the poet which Mr. Mackenzie Bell is preparing. Miss Gilchrist writes of her friend with affectionate sympathy. Her criticism of Miss Rossetti's poetry is well-considered and just. "The enduring charm of Miss Rossetti's poetry," she says, "will rest in its entire spontaneity; for surely no poet since William Blake has sung with less premeditated art than Christina Rossetti. And her pure, fragrant life fulfilled her poems; for its serene and tender humanity fitly enfolded the immortal heart of purest song."

THE writer of "A Study of Richard Jefferies" in the new *Temple Bar* draws a careful contrast between Jefferies and Wordsworth in their outlooks on nature. Wordsworth, we are reminded, wrote in "The Excursion" of the wedding of the universe and the individual mind, and their complementariness, while to Jefferies nature was so anti-human that he could write: "By no course of reasoning, however tortuous; can nature and the universe be fitted to the mind. Nor can the mind be fitted to the cosmos." The writer truly remarks that the "indifference of nature—or that aspect of her which is 'red in tooth and claw' for all human concerns—could hardly be more touchingly expressed than it is in a few memorable passages in the *Story of My Heart*."

MR. MAX BEERBOHM has won for himself a very pretty reputation for general cleverness, but he has yet to prove himself brilliantly capable in any one of the minor arts he practises. Here, for instance, we have him bidding for fame as a caricaturist in *Caricatures of Twenty-five Gentlemen* (Leonard Smithers). Mr. Beerbohm dedicates his book to a dead artist, the late Mr. Carlo Pellegrini, and suffers a living one, Mr. I. Raven-Hill, to introduce him to the public. Mr. Raven-Hill thinks we have no whole-hearted caricaturists now except Mr. Max Beerbohm: "Now Max," he writes, "is a caricaturist. For him man exists only to be caricatured and his possibilities revealed, no part of him, from his head to his heel, being more worthy of ridicule than another." We are inclined to think that no account of the true caricaturist is complete without some mention of his heart. He should pity and be reluctant; and there should be a reserve of justice in his work. Mr. Beerbohm is pitiless; he is never reluctant to make a good man hideous; and he retains only as much truth as he has mockery for.

Macmillan's Magazine for December has a rather caustic article on Shelley at Tremadoc. It will not please some persons at all, because only superlatives of praise are permitted by them in connexion with their poet, but, none the less, the reader feels the account to be the truth, or something very near it. That it is deeply interesting no one could deny. The story of the attempted assassination is told again, less to Shelley's credit than heretofore. The sum of the matter is, says the writer, "that as the years go on we feel that Matthew Arnold was right. However high Shelley soars, it is in vain that he beats in the void his starred and silvered wings."

THE late Mrs. Brookfield was known in literature best by the charming letters of Thackeray which she published a few years ago. Her own novels had small popularity. Another claim to the gratitude of those who read books was her share in forming the character of Lady Castlewood in *Emond*, who is understood to have been drawn from her. The late Rev. W. H. Brookfield, her husband, was a conspicuous wit and the

friend of Tennyson. Mrs. Brookfield was a vivacious *raconteuse* who will be much missed in her own circle.

A book printed in Japan, published in Chicago, and recommended by Count Tolstoi, is something of a curiosity. *Karma*, a story of early Buddhism, by Paul Carus, has these qualifications. The story has an attractive quaintness even to those who do not care for sermons out of church, and the pictures are very delicately tinted.

THE 380th of the 450 copies of the *édition de luxe* of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* (Hodder & Stoughton) lies before us. The difference between this and the ordinary edition is that this is much larger and heavier than the other, and the richer by a number of etchings by Mr. William Hole, R.S.A. The relation of letterpress to margin is a little disproportionate.

ON Tuesday next Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons will publish a new novel by Miss Dora Greenwell McChesney, entitled *Miriam Cromwell, Royalist*. The romance deals with the wars of the Parliament, and has Prince Rupert as hero.

The Quain Law Professor of University College, London (Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., Q.C.), will deliver his Introductory Lecture, in the Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn (by kind permission of the Benchers), on Monday, December 7th, at 4.30 p.m.

THE second issue of *The Year's Music* will be published about Christmas by Messrs. J. S. Virtue & Co., Ltd. *The Year's Music* for 1897 will give accounts of orchestral, choral, and personal concerts, festivals, provincial doings, opera, novelties and unfamiliar works, lectures, organ recitals and organ builders' doings, musical instruments, patents, Musical Trades' Exhibition, examining bodies, appointments, obituary, chronology, literature, and other information of great value to all lovers of music.

THE winter number of *The Quarto* is in the press, and will be ready shortly. The number will contain a full-page photograph of "The Salutation of Beatrice," after Dante Gabriel Rossetti, an original etching by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, R.P.E., a lithograph by Mr. Joseph Pennell, and many full-page reproductions of drawings by Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A., Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., and others. Among the literary contributions will be a paper by Prof. Fred. Brown on "Winifred Matthews." The untimely death of Miss Matthews cut short a career of great promise, and the article by Prof. Brown is of special interest.

THE two-shilling edition of Messrs. W. K. Clifford's two collections of short stories, *Mere Stories* and *The Last Touches*, which Messrs. Black have issued, approximates more nearly in form to the French novel than any we have met with. There should be a steady sale for books in this simple guise.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

IN the following list of books which we have received will be noticed the usual preponderance of novels. Among these, "The Way of Marriage," by Miss Violet Hunt, will whet the appetites of those who enjoyed "A Hard Woman." There is also Mr. P. Anderson Graham's new novel, "The Red Scour," to be noted. And there are some important reprints, as the expurgated new edition of "Tom Jones," a new "Tom Brown's Schooldays," illustrated by Mr. E. J. Sullivan, and the *édition de luxe* of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." In Belles Lettres we have Mr. G. W. Steevens's "Monologues of the Dead" (Methuen & Co.), which appeared in the *National Observer* in the good old days, and in the *New Review* since then; and Mr. Zangwill's "Without Prejudice" (T. Fisher Unwin), being the wit and wisdom of his well-known papers in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen put forth a very handsome edition of "The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan," James Morier's brilliant work in the manner of Gil Blas. The Historical and Biographical list gives us a new book on Lamb by Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt (Elkin Mathews), a "History of the Coldstream Guards" (A. D. Innes & Co.), and an investigation of the Gunpowder Plot, by Mr. John Gerard. We have also a translation of a French biography of Cardinal Manning, and the much-desired Life and Letters of Fred Walker, A.R.A. Archaeologists and artists alike will be attracted by Mr. Percy Gardner's finely illustrated work on the "Sculptured Tombs of Hellas." In popular Theology "The Illustrated Bible Treasury" (T. Nelson & Sons) will probably take a favoured place.

In the following list of books which we have received, prices are given wherever they have been notified to us.

FICTION.

- TALES OF BLACK-COUNTRY LIFE. By David Hobbs. Elliot Stock.
 THE LIFE GUARDSMAN. Adapted from the German. A. & C. Black. 6s.
 SWEET LILAC. By Mary Louise Eveson. The Roxburghe Press. 3s. 6d.
 THE SIX OF ANGELS. By the Author of "A Vicar's Wife." 3s. 6d.
 THE COUNTRY OF THE POINTED FIER. By Sarah Orne Jewett. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.
 McLEOD OF THE CAMERONS. By M. Hamilton. W. Heinemann.
 AFTER LONG WAITING. By Jessie L. Nicholson. Hurst & Blackett. 2 vols.
 TOM JONES. By Henry Fielding. *Expurgated edition*. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 6s.
 BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH. By Ian Maclaren. *Édition de luxe*. Illustrated by W. Hole, R.S.A. Hodder & Stoughton. 25s.
 THE SAGA OF THE SEA-SWALLOW. Told by Maidie Dickson. Illustrated. A. D. Innes & Co.
 LITTLE WANDERLIN, AND OTHER FAIRY TALES. By Annie and E. Keary. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.
 THE WAY OF MARRIAGE. By Violet Hunt. Illustrated. Chapman & Hall.
 AIMÉE FURNISS, SCHOLAR. By Katherine St. John Conway. The Clarion Newspaper Company. 1s.
 A MAN AMONGST MEN. By Fred. Holmes, M.A. Digby, Long & Co. 3s. 6d.
 THE RED SCOUR. By P. Anderson Graham. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.
 MERLIN: A PIRATICAL LOVE STUDY. By Mr. M.—. Neville Beeman, Ltd.

- TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS. By an Old Boy. Illustrated by Edmund J. Sullivan. Macmillan. 6s.
 A CORNER OF OLD CORNWALL. By E. Bonham. The Unicorn Press. 3s. 6d.
 THE SIGN OF THE CROSS. By Wilson Barrett. John Macqueen. 6s.
 NOISE TALES AND SKETCHES. By Alexander L. Kielland. Translated by R. L. Cassie. Elliot Stock.
 BLACK GULL ROCK. By Morice Gerard. T. Nelson & Sons. 1s. 6d.
 JOCK O' TH' BEACH. By Morice Gerard. T. Nelson & Sons. 1s. 6d.
 BONNY! OR, FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH. By Adela Frances Mount. T. Nelson & Sons.

ART, POETRY, AND BELLES LETTRES.

- IN THE GARDEN OF PEACE. By Helen Milman. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. John Lane. 5s.
 THE CHILD WORLD. By Gabriel Setoun. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. John Lane. 5s.
 MONOLOGUES OF THE DEAD. By G. W. Steevens. Methuen & Co. 3s. 6d.
 MORE ECHOES FROM THE OXFORD MAGAZINE. Henry Frowde. 5s.
 WITHOUT PREJUDICE. By I. Zangwill. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
 POEMS AND BALLADS. By "Q." Methuen & Co. 3s. 6d.
 THE ADVENTURES OF HAJJI BABA OF ISPAHAN. By James Morier. Edited by C. J. Wills, M.D. Illustrated. Lawrence & Bullen.
 LEAVES IN THE WIND. By Anthony C. Deane. Elliot Stock.
 GRAY DAYS AND GOLD IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND. New Edition. Illustrated. By William Winter. The Macmillan Co. (New York). 10s. 6d.
 POEMS. By J. B. Selkirk. William Blackwood & Sons. 6s.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- THE SURVIVAL OF THE UNLIKE. A Collection of Evolution Essays suggested by the Study of Domestic Plants. By L. H. Bailey. The Macmillan Company. (New York.) 8s. 6d.
 THE GUN AND ITS DEVELOPMENT. By W. W. Greener. Cassell & Co.
 THE CARE OF CHILDREN. By Sebastian Kneipp. H. Grevel & Co. 5s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- RADICALISM AND ITS STUPIDITIES. By H. Strickland Constable. The Liberty Review Publishing Co. 1s.
 RED DEER. (Fur and Feather Series.) Edited by Alfred E. T. Watson. 5s.
 PARASITIC DISEASES OF POULTRY. By Fred. V. Theobald. Gurney & Jackson.
 BACKWARDS OR FORWARDS? By Colonel H. B. Hanna. Archibald Constable & Co. 2s. 6d.
 OUTLINES OF BUSINESS KNOWLEDGE REQUISITE FOR WOMEN. Four Lectures by Betrand Stewart. 1s. 6d.
 MEN WHO WIN. By William M. Thayer. T. Nelson & Sons.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

- THE LAMBS, THEIR LIVES, THEIR FRIENDS, AND THEIR CORRESPONDENCE. By W. Carew Hazlitt. Elkin Mathews. 6s.
 WHAT WAS THE GUNPOWDER PLOT? By John Gerard. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.
 HISTORY OF THE CITY OF ROME IN THE MIDDLE AGES. Vol. IV. Parts I. and II. By Ferdinand Gregorovius. Translated by Annie Hamilton. George Bell & Sons.
 EMINENT PARSONS: Biographies reprinted from the *Times*. Vol. V., 1891-3. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
 A HISTORY OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS FROM 1815 TO 1895. By Lieut.-Col. Ross-of-Bladensburg, C.B. Illustrated. A. D. Innes & Co. £2.
 SCANDINAVIAN FOLK-LORE. Selected and Translated by William A. Craigie, M.A. Alexander Gardner.
 WOMEN IN ENGLISH LIFE. By Georgiana Hill. Richard Bentley & Son.
 THE STRUGGLE OF THE NATIONS. By Prof. G. Maspero. S.P.C.K.
 MEISSONIER, HIS LIFE AND HIS ART. By Vallery C. O. Gréard. W. Heinemann.
 LIFE AND LETTERS OF FRED WALKER, A.R.A. By J. G. Marks. Macmillan.
 A HISTORY OF EUROPEAN THOUGHT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By John Theodore Merz. Vol. I. William Blackwood & Sons. 10s. 6d.
 CARDINAL MANNING. From the French of Francis de Pressensé. By E. Ingall. William Heinemann. 5s.

THEOLOGY.

- STUDIES IN HEBREW PROPER NAMES. By G. Buchanan Gray. A. & C. Black.
 THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE. With Introduction and Notes. By George Carter, M.A. Relfe Brothers. 1s. 6d.
 THE NEW LIFE IN CHRIST JESUS. Edited by Julian Field. A. D. Innes & Co. 5s.
 HISTORY OF DOGMA. Vol. II. By Dr. Adolph Harnack. (Theological Translation Library.) Williams & Norgate.
 THE BOOK OF ISAIAH. (The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges.) Cambridge University Press. 4s.
 THE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE TREASURY. Edited by William Wright, D.D. T. Nelson & Sons. 7s. 6d.

SOCIOLOGY.

- ECONOMIC SCIENCE AND PRACTICE. By L. L. Price. Methuen & Co.

EDUCATIONAL.

- THE STUDENT'S COMPANION TO LATIN AUTHORS. By George Middleton, M.A., and Thomas R. Mills, M.A. Macmillan. 6s.
 A HISTORY OF ELEMENTARY MATHEMATICS, WITH HINTS ON TEACHING. By Florian Cajori, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company New York. 6s. 6d.
 THE POCKET ATLAS OF THE WORLD. By J. G. Bartholomew. John Walker & Co.
 SELECTIONS FROM LEMONI'S URBIS ROMÆ VIRI INLUSTRES. Edited by George M. Whicher. Leach, Shewell, & Sanborn. (Boston.)

TRAVELS AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- THE MYSTIC FLOWERY LAND. By Charles J. H. Halcombe. Luce & Co. 16s.
 CRAGS AND CRATERS. By William Dudley Oliver, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

- SCULPTURED TOMBS OF HELLAS. By Percy Gardner. Macmillan.

DRAMA.

EVEN for one who was not present at the production of "The Bells" twenty-five years ago, it should have been easy to share in the enthusiasm which greeted its revival at the Lyceum the other day. "The Bells" was not the first play in which Sir Henry Irving made a success—his Digby Grant in "The Two Roses" is still one of his very best parts—but it was the first play in which he became "famous," so that the enthusiasm the other evening was a public greeting to his career as an actor. I suppose there are many people whose more authoritative opinion of his acting agrees with mine, and who, while not of his advanced eulogists, would have been able with me to share in the public greeting. They and I do not take the view that he has exhausted the possibilities of acting, but we are still further from the view, which one sometimes hears, that he cannot act at all. Extremities of opinion on things artistic are very common: one envies the hot blood which prompts them. I am compelled to walk unsafely in the middle way—the proverb is really wrong, don't you think?—and to believe that to give Sir Henry the highest place among actors shows a want of imagination, and to deny him very great histrionic ability is absurd. It has often seemed to me that the intellectual grasp of a part suggested by his playing was finer than the expression itself, and that in consequence the appeal was not to one's dramatic imagination and sympathy, but to one's cold intelligence. At other times—as in his

playing of Mathias—I have recognised an inevitable creation, an inevitable expression of an emotion. His acting apart, there are two views of his services to the stage. The question of elaboration of scenery is, to my mind, simple: it confuses dramatic imagination in the true sense; but since dramatic imagination is likely to be absent from an average audience, the appeal to a commoner faculty is better than nothing. It is urged against him that he has not indulged himself largely in contemporary plays. I confess to some sympathy with a possible defence. But if a great and essentially modern English drama could be made—by modern I do not mean reflective of the *soi-disant* originality of pretentious and half-educated societies—and if such a drama could appeal to the “public”—which is doubtful, so to say—I am sure that Sir Henry Irving, by his upholding, in the public view of the stage, of the qualities of dignity and intelligence for so many years, would be found to have done much to prepare the way for it. Therefore I believe the enthusiasm which greeted him the other night to have been very well deserved.

“THE BELLS” itself is not a great play, but it should not be ranked altogether with popular melodrama. The tinkling of the sleigh-bells which the audience and Mathias hear, but the other people on the stage do not, is a pleasant appeal to one’s affection for the uncanny. Sir Henry, it is generally agreed, played the part better than he has played it before. Mrs. Craigie’s “Journeys End in Lovers’ Meeting” was played first. It is a clever, agreeable, modest little play, and gives Miss Ellen Terry an opportunity for one of her most brilliant achievements. Even those who are not as a rule fascinated, as of course, by her, must admit it to be a most accomplished piece of comedy: the mirth and humour and petulance are most delightfully mingled. I liked Mr. Ben Webster’s playing of Captain Maramour more than any performance of his I have seen.

LIKE “MR. MARTIN,” “THE WHITE ELEPHANT,” which is being played at The Comedy, is worth seeing, as containing some genuine fun and not merely the conventional “topical allusion” substitute for it. But it is rather a jumble of comedy and of the sort of farce which consists of elderly spinsters who are laughed at for wanting to marry and of pre-matrimonial adventures—the sort that is known pre-eminently as “wholesome.” “Lady Gwendoline Ogden,” as written by Mr. Carton and played by Miss Compton, is almost without a flaw—an example of excellent comedy. The lazy, good-natured, easy-going woman is there to the life. I read some criticism advising Miss Compton to play the part more quickly, and I sincerely hope she is disregarding it. Her slow—and as it were boneless—delivery was absolutely appropriate, and to me extremely comical. It was not burlesque at all, it was exact portraiture. Her “I—suppose—I must—go—and—order—lunch” was “convincing”

to the most critical intelligence. There was comedy. But, then, Mr. Carton “went and” introduced an intolerably conventional spinster and an intolerably impossible clerk who elopes with her, and so would have ruined his comedy altogether if it had not been saved by a cast which included some of the best actors of comedy we have. None of them, however, had a quite satisfactory part. Mr. Charles Hawtreys—an epicurean scapegrace who proposes to *ranger* himself—was marred by a few touches of vulgarity—his flirting with his hostess’s maid, and his manner towards his host—which were not at all life-like, and which he ought to cut out. Mr. Eric Lewis’s part should have been longer; there were many more opportunities for it in the balance of the play. Both he and Mr. Hawtreys, however—Mr. Lewis was a Gallio selfish sort of peer—were on the line of comedy. So was Mr. Kemble, as an uncle with the gout, with just a tendency to overact. Mr. Brockfield is always funny, but the part of a *nouveau riche* tea-broker did not suit him; he had to make him an eccentric and far removed, artistically, from the smooth humour of his American in “Mr. Martin.” Miss Lottie Venne tried an American accent; she may have been exact, but it was not one of the varieties I have been privileged to hear. I had looked forward to seeing Miss Nina Boucicault, who combines cleverness with freshness to a remarkable degree. Her part of an *ingénue*, however, was ineffective after the “character” parts she had played of late; still, it was another instance of a rare versatility.

MR. CARTON’S play is a compromise. He seems to have attempted to appeal to two kinds of playgoers: the kind which likes epigrammatic dialogue, and modern, if superficial, characterisation—he was good in the latter, and a little to seek in the former particular—and the kind which likes broad force of immemorial situations. He seems to have had in mind plays of “The Importance of Being Earnest” order—though that, by the way, is in some respects almost unique—and plays like “Teddy’s Wives.” Being personally of the former persuasion of playgoer, I wish he would be whole-hearted in planning it, but I fear the other method is more popular. In any case, however, the former suits better Mr. Hawtreys and his colleagues, and a mixture of the two is not a success.

I ENJOYED myself at the production of “The Kiss of Delilah” at Drury Lane on Friday last. There was a full-bodied fruitiness about the dialogue which suggested sacred associations. The scene was Paris in the Terror, and people paid compliments to England which gratified me as a patriot. It was interesting to note that Robespierre used to think aloud, so that people would get behind curtains and listen and then frustrate his plans, and that it was a mark of gross ignorance—there and then—to be unacquainted with the sayings of Dr. Johnson. Also the rapidity of political changes was brought home to one: Robespierre left the stage as a dictator, and

returned in about five minutes in disgrace. There was £5000 worth of furniture on the stage—there was, really. But the play, after all, was written on dramatic, if rather hackneyed, lines, and was well acted, so far as opportunity went, by Mr. Hermann Vezin and Miss Hilda Spong, who shows talent, which, a little loosely directed at present, may quite possibly go far. Miss Edith Jordan was agreeably merry.

G. S. S.

SCIENCE.

MONDAY, being St. Andrew’s Day, was the day observed by the Royal Society for its annual meeting and banquet, and for the presentation of the year’s medals. The latter this year numbered seven instead of six, the Rumford being doubled, and, as already recorded, no fewer than five went to foreign men of science. It is rumoured that the awards were by no means entirely unanimous, but this had nothing to do with insularity. Whatever its occasional shortcomings, the Royal Society never requires to be reminded of the claims of foreigners. The Society, no doubt, remembers the striking fact that when England was at war with France the French Government awarded a large money prize to Sir Humphry Davy, and sent him a safe pass to Paris for the purpose of receiving it.

THE address of the President on such occasions usually consists of an eulogy on deceased Fellows of the Society, and a retrospect of the work of the year. The death list this year was a heavy one, including many members of the profession to which Sir Joseph Lister himself belongs. Among those mentioned in this category were Sir George Johnson, Sir Russell Reynolds, Sir John Erichsen, and Sir George Humphry. Other departments of science have lost Sir William Grove, Sir Joseph Prestwich, Prof. Hubert A. Newton, Mr. Childers, Admiral Richards, Prof. Kekulé, M. Armand Fizeau, M. Auguste Daubrée, and, within the last few days, Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, to all of whom the President paid a graceful tribute. The year’s work was, if anything, less comprehensive than usual, though it included the discovery of the Röntgen rays and Prof. Ramsay’s important after-researches into the nature of “helium.”

As the last-mentioned discoveries are not very widely known, a brief summary here may be of interest. Lord Rayleigh has ascertained that “helium” has a refractivity of only 0.146, which is less than a third of that of hydrogen, the lowest previously observed. This is remarkable, as the density of “helium” is twice that of hydrogen. Prof. Ramsay has discovered that “helium” affords a remarkable medium for the passage of electricity, sparks of 250 to 300 millimetres being possible at atmospheric pressure, whereas twenty-three millimetres is a good distance in oxygen, and forty in hydrogen. Thirdly, whereas in argon there seems to be a mixture of lighter

and heavier particles which can be separated out by diffusion, the density of "helium" appears to vary according to the source from which it is derived. This fact lends weight to the theory already advanced by spectroscopic investigators, that "helium" is not a pure gas, but contains an admixture of some equally inert constituent.

THERE is little to say about the Royal Society dinner. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain were absent on business, and Mr. Balfour, who was present, declined to speak. Lord Kelvin was also missed. The President's speech partially cleared up one little point which has been exercising curiosity, namely, why the Government should have allowed two German professors to step in and report upon the rinderpest at the Cape. It appears that the Government did consult the Royal Society as to an investigation. The question now remains why the Royal Society let the matter be taken out of their hands. But if Sir Joseph Lister found himself able to defend the attitude of the Government in this respect, the Speaker, who represented the Government, was distinctly apologetic as to the small amount of assistance afforded to science by the State. A few meagre sums spent on museums and the Science and Art Department comprised the bulk of this assistance. Beyond these, the only extravagances he could recall were £5,000 to the Royal Society, £15,000 towards meteorological experiments, and £20,000 distributed over various scientific objects. Not a remarkable record for such a wealthy country as this!

AN album containing the portraits of all the sectional contributors to the *Challenger* reports was presented on Monday last to Dr. John Murray, F.R.S., commonly known as "Challenger" Murray, the naturalist of the expedition, and the general editor of the work. Perhaps, when one looks back on the amount of money and labour spent upon this great undertaking, one ought to remit something of the strictures in the last paragraph. The *Challenger* expedition and publications form a monument worthy in all respects of the British nation, and to no one are thanks more due for this than to Dr. John Murray.

A LETTER from Mr. E. N. Buxton to the *Times* states that a sanctuary has been established for the African elephant in the coast area of Somaliland. The reserve in question extends from the Sheikh Pass on the east to the Abyssinian frontier on the west, with, roughly speaking, the edge of the Haud for its northern boundary, or an area of approximately 200 miles by 50. The herds of elephants which remain in this reserve are at present confined to a much smaller area, about 40 miles square, in the Gadabursi Mountains. At the same time the Germans in East Africa are taking active steps in the same direction, two sanctuaries having been proclaimed and licences exacted both from professional hunters and sportsmen.

THE accounts of the British Association Local Committee show that the Liverpool

meeting, though inferior in number to those recently held at Newcastle and at Manchester, was well above the average, the attendance being 3180 as against 2210. At the same time, the money grants for the advancement of science were £300 over the average, which is about £1050. It is interesting to know that the meetings cost in general about £1 per head, taking the average attendance.

ATHENS has been visited within the last week by a thunderstorm of such unparalleled violence that the classical rivers Ilissos and Kephisos burst their banks and inundated the neighbourhood with great loss of life and property. No injury to ancient monuments is recorded, but the damage to factories and houses is estimated at a large figure. The event should be brought to the notice of Mr. Augustine Birrell, who, in his notes to "Balaustion," in the new edition of Browning, informs ignorant readers that the Ilissos is a Trojan stream. It is dangerous to slight the river-gods of Greece.

CHRISTMAS scientific lectures suitable for children are to be delivered this year at the Royal Institution by Prof. Silvanus Thompson, F.R.S., on "Visible and Invisible Light," and at the Society of Arts by Mr. Clinton T. Dent, ex-president of the Alpine Club, on the "Growth and Demolition of Mountains." The dates of the latter are January 6th and 13th.

ONE of the best known and most interesting figures in the mining world has recently been removed, in the person of Mr. William Armstrong, of Chester-le-Street, who died last month at the age of eighty-four. Mr. Armstrong was among the pioneers of the Northumberland and Durham coalfields, and took a prominent part in what was known as the "wire-rope strike" of 1843, when he was largely instrumental in securing the adoption of wire ropes in the pits. His services were publicly rewarded at the time, and since that he has been generally to the front in all the big labour and industrial questions of the North.

INDIAN science has taken as important a place lately as Indian cricket. Two names that specially call for mention are those of Prof. J. C. Bose, M.A., of Calcutta University, whose delicate experiments in the domain of electrical radiations won unqualified praise at the British Association, and have been warmly admired by one of the greatest physicists we possess—viz., Lord Kelvin. Prof. Bose is an old Cambridge natural science man, but his researches have all been conducted in India, where he lectures to 200 students, and the ingenious apparatus which forms a great part of his achievement was also made there. The second name is that of His Highness the Rajah of Gondal, an F.R.C.P. of Edinburgh, who has written an excellent book on *Aryan Medical Science* (Macmillans).

THE recent archaeological finds at Patras seem to be of more than ordinary import-

ance, and it is satisfactory that they should have come to light under the direction of the British school at Athens. Mosaics and sculptures composed the principal part of the remains, but in addition there was a statuette which is regarded as an undoubted copy of the Athena Parthenos. The figure is not complete, but bears enough of the shield to show details confirming the tradition that a battle of Greeks and Amazons was engraved upon it. In this respect it bears out the testimony of two other copies—the Lenormant statuette at Athens, and the Strangford marble in the British Museum—being at the same time, according to the *Times* correspondent, a better piece of workmanship than either.

MUSIC.

IT is always instructive, and often pleasant, to trace the steps by which men, whether in literature or art, have achieved fame. In their early works we see promise; in their later, the glorious result of that promise. And it is exciting to follow the career of composers who in any way have distinguished themselves: there is the fear lest expectations aroused may never be fulfilled, mingled with the hope that the present is but a foretaste of the future. Last April Mr. Manns introduced a "Humoresque" by Mr. Richard Strauss, one of the present conductors of the Court Opera at Munich. This work displayed ability, especially in the matter of orchestration. It bore the title "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," and, although the composer abstained from naming any particular incidents in the life of the hero of the old German story-book, the music clearly showed that it was of illustrative character; further, several German critics attempted, with more or less success, to explain its meaning. Programme-music is not the highest form of art; yet the public so dearly loves a story, that, partly on its own intrinsic merits, and partly owing to the explanations, the "Humoresque" gained a certain notoriety. Last Saturday Mr. Manns produced a Symphony in F minor (Op. 12), by Mr. Strauss, thus giving opportunity of showing what the composer could accomplish in one of the severest forms of art. Unfortunately, however, it was a work written by the composer while yet in his teens, which therefore gave no clue as to his present stage of development. Mr. Strauss was trained in a classical school—as, indeed, is shown by the clear forms of his movements. It was the best possible training he could have had; for it must have strengthened whatever originality he may possess. The Symphony is decidedly clever—at certain movements, indeed, as in the Finale, contrapuntal art is too much in evidence. Dr. Bülow, soon after its production at Munich, gave the work a hearing at one of his famous Meiningen concerts, and this must have proved an excellent stimulus. It is to be hoped that we shall soon hear a second Symphony. For "Merry Pranks," though all very well now and then, will never secure for a composer a lasting place in the temple of fame.

Mlle. CLOTHILDE KLEEBOERG played Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor, a work which for many years enjoyed considerable popularity, but which is now seldom heard. The music lacks neither vigour, charm, nor brilliancy; but, somehow or other, one feels that, at any rate for the concert-room, its day is passed. Technical display was one of the composer's chief aims, yet passage writing for that instrument was not, as he himself honestly confessed, one of his strong points. There is now nothing in it to tempt pianists; there are no real difficulties to conquer. Modern conquerors of the keyboard prefer to wrestle with Henselt, Rubinstein, and Liszt; or, if they want to show that they are serious artists as well as skilful acrobats, they have recourse to Beethoven's Concertos in G and E flat, or to Schumann's Concerto in A minor. Fourteen years ago Mme. Schumann played Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto at a Philharmonic concert to celebrate the jubilee of the work; from that time, save for an occasional performance, it has been practically consigned to oblivion. Mlle. Kleeboerg gave a bright, crisp rendering of the music, though in the Andante the sentiment was somewhat exaggerated.

THE performance of the Dvorák Quartet in F major (Op. 96)—a work produced, by the way, last season by Mr. Gompertz—at the Popular Concert on Monday evening, may serve as an excuse for one or two remarks on the composer's scheme for employing negro melodies as basis of a national American style. He made a first attempt in his Symphony entitled "From the New World" (Op. 95), and a second in the Quartet mentioned above. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and other composers introduced from time to time snatches of folk-song into their works, not to mention complete national songs to which they set variations. Not one of these composers, however, consciously used such material as basis for a new style. Schubert heard one of the kitchen-maids at Prince Esterházy's, singing a quaint song; he was attracted by it and at once turned it to good account. Haydn, again, who was fond of listening to the songs of the people, and of the gypsies, assimilated many a strain which served as subject-matter to movements in his Symphonies. But all this was accidental, not the carrying out of some premeditated scheme.

DVORÁK is a master of the art of development, and he can make much even of nigger melodies. The Quartet, for example, is full of delightful workmanship. But he plays with the themes, and the art predominates: the manner rather than the matter attracts attention. The variations which form the third movement reveal the composer in his happiest vein; they pulsate with rhythmical life, while the harmonic colouring is delightfully quaint. I ought to mention that the work was admirably interpreted by Lady Hallé and Messrs. Ries, Gibson and Piatti.

THERE was an interesting quotation in the programme-book, from Mrs. Fanny Kemble's

Life on a Georgian Plantation. Here is one sentence: "With a very little skilful adaptation and instrumentation, I think one or two barbaric chants and choruses might be evoked from them that would make the fortune of an opera." Perhaps Dvorák read this, and made a note of it.

LAST week, in connexion with Mr. Gompertz's second concert, I had occasion to speak about Beethoven's so-called posthumous Quartets. These are the five, in E flat (Op. 127), B flat (Op. 130), C sharp minor (Op. 131), A minor (Op. 132), and F (Op. 135). The first, at any rate, was not posthumous, for it was published a year before the composer's death. The little notice now taken of them by Mr. Chappell at the Popular Concerts is to be regretted. He ought to make a special feature of them every season. Until Richter, by repeated performances, rendered the Choral Symphony familiar, the London public received it with comparative coldness. The five Quartets are of equal, if not greater, importance; greater, in that they are of later date than the "Choral." They were, in fact, the master's last contributions to his art. Many years ago a Quartet society was founded in Paris by MM. Maurin and Chevillard for the express purpose of making known these works. Their programme scheme was a model one. They first played one of the earlier Quartets, then came a Pianoforte Sonata, and finally one of the last five Quartets. And those afternoon concerts, which I attended regularly, are among the pleasantest reminiscences of my early days. Mr. Gompertz gives, it is true, interesting concerts, and of quite reasonable length, yet I cannot help thinking that he might inaugurate a special series of Beethoven performances more or less on this plan. Surely in London, where so many of the rising generation are studying music, there ought to be special, not stray opportunities of hearing the master's Quartets.

THE same might indeed be said of the Symphonies and Sonatas. Symphonies such as the "Eroica," C minor, and "Pastoral," are certainly heard pretty frequently; but I much doubt whether the nine have been given during one season since Richter played them all in chronological order. And with regard to the Sonatas, why has no pianist followed the excellent example set by the late Sir Charles Hallé? Perhaps Mr. Schutz Curtius might induce Mr. Eugen d'Albert to give a Sonata series of recitals.

SEÑOR SARASATE gave his third and last concert on Monday afternoon. A Bach Sonata for pianoforte and violin, and Saint-Saëns' second Sonata, which he introduced last season, formed the chief features of the programme. Dr. Otto Neitzel was again the pianist, and met with a cordial reception. There was a large audience. I have noticed that at all these concerts the public listens attentively and applauds moderately the serious section of the programme. The real enthusiasm only begins with the show pieces.

J. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DUBOIS' "TIMBUCTOO."

London: Nov. 30.

Circumstances have kept me from seeing until now the ACADEMY of November 21, in which is a letter from Prof. A. H. Keane on my review of the above-named book. I confess I have overlooked Dr. Oscar Lenz, an oversight which is the more remarkable that I myself reviewed the French translation of his book. Let that pass, the rather that Dr. Lenz's visit to Timbuctoo was the merest negligible episode in a characteristically stodgy German work. It is the second paragraph of Prof. A. H. Keane's letter which is of consequence.

First, in spelling the name which we set forth as *Songhay* I have followed M. Dubois merely out of courtesy, since his book was under review, and written *Songhois*. That matters little; but—and this is the second point—why is Prof. Keane so cocksure about the origin of the *Songhay*? He declares they "are a distinctly Negroid people of Negro speech, true aborigines of West Sudan. . . . The tradition of a migration from Egypt arose from . . . a mythical" so and so. If there were no authority the other way it might carry conviction to crow forth with such certitude. But, apart from other evidence, here is what our latest and completest authority, M. Dubois, says, on pp. 96 and 97 of the English translation: "The Songhois themselves furnish proof that they were originally strangers in the country. Their speech is totally different from the numerous Sudanese dialects, and its roots are those of the languages of the Nile. Moreover, their physical type owns nothing in common with that of the West African negro. In the most mixed group of negroes a Songhois may be identified at the first glance; his skin is as black as theirs, but . . . the nose of the Songhois is straight and long, pointed rather than flat; the lips are comparatively thin . . . while the eyes are deeply set and straight in their orbit. . . . The profile resembles that of the European. . . . In addition, they are tall, well made, and slender. . . . Among children the skin is less profoundly black than . . . [that] of infant negroes. They seem to be deeply bronzed children of the race of Shen rather than of Ham." These are the words of a traveller who knows both Egypt and the West Sudan, who spent (not three weeks in Timbuctoo, like Dr. Oscar Lenz, but) a good many leisurely months in the whole region, and who claims to have derived much of his information from that *Tarik el Sudan* which Arabic scholars have so longed to see. Even if the speech of the Songhay be "Negro" to-day, does that prove that they are a "distinctly Negroid people"? As well might we declare, because the Normans talk French, that "the tradition" of a northern origin is "mythical." We must know a great deal more about the Songhay before we can declare with finality of what race they originally were; but, at the same time, their traditions, their physical appearance, their architecture, their acute trading faculties exhibited for centuries, their civilisation and (perhaps) their speech predispose us to say they are not Negroid.

THE REVIEWER OF THE BOOK.

THE LIVES OF THE TROUBADOURS.

Newport, Mon.: Nov. 29.

Two statements, or rather suggestions, in your last week's review of *The Lives of the Troubadours* call for special comment. They are, it is true, both of them qualified; but the general reader is so apt to retain only the kernel of what is set before him, that it is as

well to make sure that there has been no misunderstanding. Your reviewer more than hints that "the making of verses in the Provençal tongue could hardly have been a very irksome business." I do not propose to refute this at length, but think that the most cursory glance through the early didactic works of Raimon Vidal, Uc Faïdit, and Guillem Molinier (which the troubadours studied to much better purpose than our modern bards do their Prosodies), will show that in no country and in no age was so much attention paid to metre in general, and to rhyme in particular, as in the South of France during the twelfth century. So far were these old minstrels from rhyming "London Bridge with Salamanca" that, before adopting for this purpose two words, the rhyming vowel of which was *o* or *e*, they first made sure that the *o* or *e* was, in each case, pronounced with a closed or an open sound. They were, of course, entirely ignorant of etymology and of the causes of these gradations of sound, having no Raynouard or Diez to explain these matters to them; but still, their ears never played them false, and no sure instance is known, in the Golden Age of this literature, of a closed *e* or *o* rhyming with the open sounds of these same letters. Where such cases do occur, in stray MSS., modern scholarship is generally successful in tracing the true reading in some more reliable transcript of the poem.—With regard to the suggestion that the "singing of the successful troubadours . . . was frequently of no great worth," and that "their lives make better reading," this is showing but scant courtesy to a literature which produced some really great poets, such as Bernart de Ventadorn and Guirant de Bornelh, and others, such as Bertran de Born, whose utterances are of the greatest historical interest. These singers, whatever may have been their faults, were good enough in the eyes of the *Minnesinger* and of the early Italians to serve them as models for all their love songs. Dante and Petrarch acknowledged themselves their disciples, and these in turn inspired all the love poetry of modern Europe, including that of our great Elizabethans.

H. OELSNER.

GOETHE'S "FAUST."

Oxford: Nov. 30.

In these days, when the bent of the human mind is always towards the mechanical and the inventive, one can hardly wonder at the "theory" presented to your readers by Mr. R. McLintock in his letter headed "Goethe's 'Faust': Effect of the 'Göchhausen Transcript,'" printed in the *ACADEMY* of October 3. Modern "scholarship," in many cases, consists merely in amassing dead material; the microscopical method is applied to Literature. But never will the dryasdust root-grubber be able to grasp the spirit of the greatest creation of Germany's greatest genius!

"Faust" was Goethe's life-work in a special and peculiar sense; for sixty long years, from his Strasburg life of storm and stress till the year preceding his death, it was his constant companion, and in it he deposited both the power of his youthful genius and the crystallised wisdom of his old age. Not that it is a work in every way perfect and symmetrical—in this respect it differs from many of its author's creations. The wide intervals of time that elapsed between the stages of its completion brought the poet back to his work as an altered man; his favourite fancy of weaving episodes into the plot led him to introduce a number of secondary topics having little or no relation to the idea of the whole; these circumstances, and a decline of poetical power in the author traceable in the Second Part, occasioned deficiencies of execution precisely analogous

to those which may be noticed in the colossal structure of medieval cathedrals. But this lack of symmetry and completion is itself closely connected, in either case, with the stupendous magnitude of the work. The poem defies classification; it is unique and single of its kind. As antiquity produced a work peculiarly its own in the *Iliad*, as the Middle Ages have the *Divina Commedia*, so modern times possess their characteristic creation in *Faust*. It belongs to Germany; none but a genius of German race could have created it. Yet its spell falls on every nation that shares in the progress of modern culture.

The exegetical literature on "Faust," extensive though it is, will always leave room for fresh inquiries: the evidence of a work of art concealing within itself a spark of the Divine being this, that its significance cannot be exhausted, and that it remains perennially a subject for exegesis.

K. LENTZNER.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Mr. Morrison's
"Child of the
Jago." (Methuen.)

"THE rediscovery of Oliver Twist is upon us," wails the *Saturday Review*, and denounces in advance next season's swarm of imitators. But Mr. Morrison's book, it writes, is "indubitably one of the most interesting novels of the year." "Every sentence has its share in the entire design"; but that design is a little narrow, "it is the Jago without relativity." The author's "most fundamental utterance" it finds in the conversation between the clergyman and the doctor apropos of a birth; but, in commenting on the views expressed in that colloquy, it points out that the Jago "is not a 'black inheritance,' it is a black contagion—which alters the whole problem." This clergyman the *Pall Mall* considers the "one doubtful character"; and blames him as the occasion of the author's "one slip into moralising"—the conversation above alluded to. A distinct advance upon *Tales of Mean Streets*, it is, "taken as a picture of a phase of life, a masterly achievement—a work of art." Here the critic comes into collision with a reviewer in the *Daily Telegraph*, who asks whether it is not "rather a didactic treatise or a fiercely morbid satire." At the most he credits the author with "some odd gift of perverted grace which shows that, in subjects such as he loves, he comes very near to being a genius." "But would the novel," he presently asks, "have been worse if there had been . . . a single ray of gracious humanity, a single mood of tenderness and relief?" "The book has a humour of its own," replies the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "which . . . does not make you laugh, but lightens the gloom." "The imaginative insight, the power of presentation, the grim and searching humour," remind the *Daily News* of the story of *Le Diable Boiteux*. In intention it is a worthy successor of . . . *Tales of Mean Streets*; in execution it is a great advance."

"If the actors in the drama
"The Carissima,"
by Lucas Malet.
(Methuen.)
are not always convincing, the
drama is so skilfully presented
that it is convincing to the
emotions," says the *Daily News*; and discerns "too much personal animus in the

delineation of the degraded human beings" depicted. In the columns of the *Telegraph* Mr. Courtney confesses himself bewildered, and asks whether Lucas Malet is not making game of "some contemporary tendency of fiction, some phase of art." The author's "apology for, or rather condemnation of, her modern grotesque—that 'Art does fix the mind unwholesomely, unscientifically, upon extremes'"—to his mind "raises the question whether the grotesque comes under any form of art at all." And so the *British Review* sees in the author a disciple of two schools, the first of which is pre-eminently sound and healthy, while the second is infected with one of the worst of the literary maladies of the moment. Then, after quoting the same words, it comments: "It is precisely here that Lucas Malet is wrong. All great art deals essentially with the normal." "What makes Lucas Malet remarkable," says the same writer, "is her success in the study of the typical, not her invention of the abnormal": "the Carissima, with her complicated shallowness, is drawn in a way which may really be called masterly." With which compare the *Tablet*: "The character that seems . . . less convincing [than the rest] is the Carissima herself": she "is the enigma of her own story." The *Pall Mall* judges "the character-drawing to be as good as it can be," "the book wonderfully witty," "much better than anything else we have seen from the same hand." "Lucas Malet," it concludes, "seems to have found his own manner, and we implore him not to lose it again."

"Rodney Stone,"
by Conan Doyle
(Smith,
Elder & Co.)
"The plot is conventional and
melodramatic in the wrong
sense of the word," remarks
the *National Observer*, "and
has only this value, that it serves to string
together a really brilliant series of charac-
terisations." The critic further points out
that the period is a singularly difficult one
to treat, because of such people as Sheridan,
Fox, and Sir Philip Francis, "we all know,
or fancy we know, something more or less
definite and undoubted." He quotes Mr.
Doyle's descriptions of Fox and the Prince
of Wales. The *Speaker*, examining what it
styles "a notable and very brilliant work
of genius," hails "a largeness of treatment,
a directness and simplicity of style, that . . .
compel us to recognise the hand of a master."
"It is difficult to speak too highly of the
vigour and picturesqueness of Mr. Doyle's
style when dealing with such a theme as
the famous fight between Tom Sayers and
Heenan." The plot is declared to be
"worthy of the author's well-known skill
in devising mysteries," although it also
allows that the main interest depends upon
the episodes, singling out the race between
the tandem and the four-in-hand. The
Pall Mall finds *Rodney Stone* more baffling
than any of his previous books. It is
a veritable commixture of incongruities."
"It has no plot"; and, "with all his rude
common sense, Mr. Doyle has a trick of
breaking down at points into the grossly
sentimental. "Incomparably the best book
yet written by the author," declares the
Times.

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